

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## THE FORGOTTEN RABBI.

(*"His memory for a blessing!"*)

Rabbi Ben Shalom's wisdom none but  
his scholars know.

(High let his spirit journey, e'en as his  
flesh lies low!)

He, ere he spake the "Shema," prayed  
that his fame might cease:—

*"How shall I give you blessing if you  
begrudge me peace?"*

Rabbi Ben Shalom's teaching clings to  
his scholars still.

Of to his school came, fasting, those  
who had dreamed of ill:—

God in such dreams had spoken,—how  
could they answer best?

*"Laugh at the fear,"* said Rabbi. *"God  
has a right to jest!"*

Rabbi Ben Shalom's kindred long in  
his ear deplored

Alms they had spent to nourish one  
with a secret hoard;

Who of their daily table—robber of  
God!—had taste:—

*"Hark I not heard,"* said Rabbi. *"God  
has enough to waste!"*

Rabbi Ben Shalom, silent, sat with a  
dead man's son.

"I at his grave, O Rabbi, knew what  
my sins had done!

Great but for me, how humbled! . . .  
Can I appease the dead?"

*"Cherish his seed,"* said Rabbi. *"Strive  
to be great instead!"*

Rabbi Ben Shalom's coming mirth unto  
mirth could bring,—

I'll him, the cup, he'd drain it; strike  
on the harp, he'd sing!

Blind seemed his joy to many, when  
on his brows death sat,—

Only the few knew better; knew he  
rejoiced—in that!

Thus have Ben Shalom's scholars dug  
him a lowly bed,—

(How can the soul and body ever a like  
path tread?)

Thus, when in Shool they slight him,  
say that "his fame should cease,"

Whoso gainsays their folly grudges his  
master peace!

G. M. H.

The Spectator.

## THE SHIP SIREN.

Across the fog, across the rain,  
On glimmering London pavements  
falling,

I hear the voice, again, again—  
A voice that is calling, calling.

It calls me where the rivers run  
Through forest gloom unbroken for  
ever;

And the steamer's mast to the mid-day  
sun  
Is shadowless on the river.

"You know," it cries, "how mornings  
rise

In smoke from untrodden islands  
streaming,

And long waves roll from a southern  
pole,

And southern stars are gleaming.

"Remember where the desert lay—  
Purple desert beside the sea—

And barren mountains round a bay,  
And a storm-crowned promontory;

"And how the midnight draws her  
breath

As the sleeping sun returns on high,  
And pallid water sleeps beneath  
A pallid dome of sky.

"Ah! leave the crowd that howls below,  
Crowding houses on either hand.

The streets are wide by which I go  
To a wide and silent land.

"By a silent road I'll bear you home."  
From London dock the siren's call-  
ing,

"Come to the seas, to the desert come!"  
And I lie enchained in a London  
room—

And the rain is falling, falling.  
The Nation.

## PRIDE.

O mortal virtue and immortal sin,  
How often hast thou led the fool  
aright,

Sent forth a shivering coward to the  
fight,

And made the worst man win!

Mary E. Coleridge.

## THE RULE OF THE EMPRESS DOWAGER.

The death of the Empress Dowager of China recalls some incidents in the romantic and eventful life of one whose subtle powers raised her from the crowded ranks of the Imperial harem to the ancient throne whence, for over a quarter of a century, she has ruled over the destinies of the oldest empire in the world with an ability that places her among the most striking characters in the records of history. Yehonala was the youngest daughter of a Tartar general who died at his post on the Yangtze, leaving his widow with a family of two sons and two daughters in straitened circumstances. The first duty of the widow was to take the remains of her dead husband for burial at his ancestral home in Peking, so, preparing a mourning boat, with its blue and white lanterns and other insignia of woe, she embarked on it with her children, and in the course of her journey arrived at the beautifully situated and picturesque town of Chinkiang, whence the boat would probably have proceeded by the Grand Canal to Peking. There arrived at the same time a prefect travelling by water to a new station on promotion. Wu-tu-fu, the prefect of Chinkiang, hearing that an official had arrived by boat, sent, after the Chinese custom, his card and a complimentary gift of food, with two hundred taels which the messenger by mistake conveyed to the mourning boat. The widow returned her most grateful thanks, assuming that the prefect was a friend of her late husband's. Wu-tu-fu, seeing the mistake that had been made and understanding that the lady was in straitened circumstances, chivalrously determined to spare her from the awkwardness of an explanation, so sending her three hundred taels in addition, he waited upon her, assuming the position of a friend of her husband's, before

whose coffin he performed the ceremony of Kowtow. The mother again and again expressed her gratitude and taking her youngest daughter by the hand, offered her to him for adoption, a not unusual mark of friendship in China, an offer which he accepted, as the child was very attractive.

Under his guardianship Yehonala remained until, at the age of sixteen, in the triennial review by the Emperor at Peking of the daughters of Manchu officers for the selection of young ladies for the Imperial household, she was among those whose fortune it was to be chosen.

In the Imperial household, or harem as it is colloquially termed, there are many grades; some of the maidens perform the duties of ladies-in-waiting, some the more humble services of ladies' maids, &c. The ladies' apartments are rigorously guarded by eunuchs from all male visitors except the Emperor, and the inmates occupy themselves in various ways, especially in the work of embroidery, in which almost all Chinese ladies are proficient. All these young ladies are supposed to be under the direction of the Empress. From time to time the Emperor visits the apartment and selects some one or other for his attentions, some being advanced to the position of Imperial concubine. To this position Yehonala, whose name was now changed to Tze Hsi, was promoted, and in due course presented the Emperor with a son. As the Empress was childless, Tze Hsi became at once of great importance, increasing her influence rapidly, until at length she shared with the Empress the full dignity of the Dragon Throne with all its gorgeous ceremonials.

Some years later Wu-tu-fu was reported by his superior, who recommended his punishment. Tze Hsi was

by this time Empress Dowager, and, recognizing the name, instead of punishing she promoted him. The superior protested, whereupon she again promoted him. The overjoyed Wu-tu-fu proceeded to Peking to return thanks, which he did in the usual fashion, kneeling before the throne with downcast eyes, and his official hat placed at his right side with the peacock plume towards the Empress. After he had spoken, the Empress Dowager said, "Do you not know me: look up, I was your daughter." His joy may be imagined. The Empress Dowager ultimately conferred upon him the Governorship of Szechuen.

Much has been written of her malign influence during the half-century of her predominance, both behind the throne and as its apparently all-powerful occupant, but who can tell the real moving power amid the kaleidoscopic intrigues of the Imperial city? We forget how short a time has elapsed since China was practically as isolated from all Western influence as in the days of Marco Polo—indeed more so—for after Ghengis Khan had swept over Northern Asia and South-Eastern Europe until the wave of conquest broke against the walls of Buda-Pest princes and ambassadors from the West visited him in his Chinese capital.

The opium war from 1840 to 1843 left China simmering until the breaking out of the Taiping rebellion in 1850, and for seventeen years the Southern Provinces were devastated by a rebellion that cost the lives of twenty-two and a half millions of people before it was finally extinguished at Suchow by the military capacity of Gordon, ably seconded by Li Hung Chang. In the meantime the repulse of our forces in the attack upon the Taku forts in 1859 was followed by their subsequent capture by the allied forces of France and England, and the advance upon Peking and burning of the Summer Palace in

the following year. The Emperor with the Imperial Court had fled to Jeh-lo, where the Emperor died, when, on his death, a Nominal Government of eight was formed, who forthwith entered into a conspiracy to make away in secret with the Empress Dowager and the young Emperor's mother, to arrest and destroy the late Emperor's three brothers, and establish a regency in which they would be supreme. Fortunately Prince Kung frustrated their machinations and brought the two Empresses with the young Emperor safe to Peking. The conspirators were arrested; two princes engaged in the plot were allowed to commit suicide and the others were executed. Prince Kung and the two Empresses then constituted a regency during the minority.

In 1870 occurred the massacre of Tientsin, and from 1870 to 1872 the Empire was in the throes of a Mahomedan insurrection. In 1894 China was again at war with the Japanese, with disastrous results, and from that time to the breaking out of the Boxer uprising she has never been free from strained anxiety from her Northern neighbor. Surely no woman has ever lived a life of more sustained anxiety than Tze Hsi, and in remembering her misdeeds we ought not to forget her difficulties and her surroundings, that called for all her woman's wiles and evoked at times a ruthlessness not unknown in our own history.

That she possessed a magnetic charm is acknowledged by those who have been admitted to her presence, and glimpses of her life within the veil show that she had her moments of merriment and enjoyment. The cloud that has rested upon her name of late has been the feeling that her treatment of the young Emperor was as cruel as it was unjust.

It is by no means certain that the young Emperor was satisfied with his elevation to the throne, which was un-



doubtedly in the light of ancient custom a usurpation brought about by the dominant influence of his aunt. He had read and had heard of other nations, and probably regretted the real liberty that he had lost in being placed in a position of splendid isolation and practical captivity. He turned eagerly to those who spoke of progress, and jumped to the conclusion that the supreme and godlike power of which he was assured in every action of his ceremonious Court was able to effect at once changes that can only be hoped for after long evolution. After the death of Marquess Tseng he sent for Kang yu Wei, an advanced thinker whose literary fame was at its zenith, and at once adopted his views that China could be regenerated by edicts from the throne that would in a trice change the customs of centuries. At first his enthusiasm for Western methods was received by the Empress Dowager with apparently good-humored amusement. It is said that on one occasion he ordered some thousands of European costumes, and, donning one, appeared before the Dowager Empress and asked her how she liked it. She answered: "Very nice indeed, but, having admired yourself in the glass, I advise you to go to your ancestral hall and there regard the portraits of your ancestors in their proper costume and judge which is more befitting for an emperor." It is hard to say what credence can be safely given to these snatches of palace gossip, but the incident was widely accepted in well-informed Chinese circles.

At length matters became serious. There were murmurs of an anti-dynastic movement in the ever-restless South, and the time seemed inopportune to court the opposition of the most conservative people on the face of the globe. Under the influence of Kang yu Wei six edicts were prepared of an almost revolutionary character. The

Chinese were to adopt Western attire and to cut off the queue, which was the badge of submission if not of loyalty to the Manchu dynasty, and other edicts were also prepared effecting changes in the entire system of administration. The Emperor had appointed four young men to act as assistants, or advisers, to the Tsung li Yamen in matters of reform. One of these young men was sent by the Emperor to Yuan Shi Kai, who then commanded a camp about twenty miles from Peking, with orders to Yuan to bring his troops to the capital, and an edict was written by the Emperor decreeing that henceforth the Empress Dowager should take no part in official matters, and that Jung Lu was to be beheaded. The more experienced officials were alarmed by the youthful enthusiasm of the Emperor. Such edicts might possibly be issued and enforced by a conqueror at the head of a great army, but with China torn by internal dissensions the result might mean an upheaval the consequences of which no man could foresee. The young messenger presented the edict to Yuan Shi Kai, who, instead of proceeding as ordered, informed Prince Tuan, who went hot haste to the Summer Palace, from whence the Empress Dowager returned at once to Peking, first sending to Jung Lu a revocation of the edict ordering his execution. After considerable delay Yuan Shi Kai went with the messenger to Jung Lu's yamen. The young man was left outside. Yuan went in to Jung Lu and the two stood in silence for a while. Then Jung Lu said, "You have a message for me?" "Yes," replied Yuan, "but I cannot deliver it." Then he took out the triangular symbol that is always sent with such an order for execution and laid it on the table saying, "I cannot deliver my message from the Emperor to you, my master (he had been a pupil of Jung Lu's), and I want to ask your

advice." By this time Jung Lu had in his possession the revocation of the edict by the Empress Dowager and had made his preparation to march his own troops to Peking. This was done, and the *coup d'état* followed. The Emperor managed to send an urgent message to Kang yu Wei to fly, but the other reformers were seized and executed.

Kang yu Wei is a graceful writer and most ardent reformer. There is a literary magnetism about his style that has appealed to the young literati who have accepted him as their leader. He desired to have changed at a flash the crystallized customs of all the centuries and to have adopted Western costume, Western habits and modes of thought, while at the same time, as shown by his book on reform, he was violently anti-foreign. China for the Chinese was his shibboleth, and one at which no fair-minded man could cavil; but he ignored the danger of pouring new wine into old bottles. Had the edicts inspired by him and his co-reformers been promulgated the convulsion of China was inevitable. In his flight his lucky star was in the ascendant. On receiving the Emperor's warning, Kang yu Wei went at once to Tientsin and proceeded straight on board a steamer that was about to leave, but as he had no luggage he was refused permission to proceed, so he landed and waited for the next steamer, which was bound for Shanghai. After he had sailed his description was telegraphed from Peking, and on the arrival of the first steamer she was searched. The description was also received at Shanghai with orders to arrest him, and a photograph procured; but a gentleman who saw the communication went out in a launch and met the ship at Woosung, where steamers for Shanghai usually anchor. He found Kang yu Wei and took him on board a British steamer. H.M.S.

*Esk* was ordered to accompany the steamer, but not to take Kang yu Wei on board. She lumbered after the vessel until the *Pygmy* was met, which took up the escort until the *Bonaventuro* was sighted. In the meantime on the return of the *Esk*, a Chinese warship pursued the steamer, but only to find that she was under the wing of the *Bonaventuro*. Had Kang yu Wei not been turned off the first ship boarded by him he would doubtless have been arrested and beheaded.

Though Kang yu Wei is in exile he is still in intimate communication with China, where he has many thousands of ardent admirers, and his influence is a distinct factor in the movement of Chinese thought, which may be divided in three main directions. First, of those who are satisfied with old conditions, shrink from relations with foreigners, and recognize no improvement in the conveniences of Western progress; second, those who desire reform but without foreign interference; third, those who are prepared to welcome foreign intercourse and ready to adopt any means by which moral and material progress may be assured. The first represents inert China; the third the reformers whose views are mainly those held by Chinese students from foreign countries, and which are largely accepted by the Chinese Christians; while the second embraces all the spirits of unrest. That Kang yu Wei, ardent reformer as he is, could have been disloyal to the Emperor or the dynasty is hardly conceivable. His hatred of the Empress Dowager was unbounded, but he could have had no feeling but loyal affection for the Emperor, who so completely abandoned himself to his guidance. His demand was reform of China from within, but in the South the feeling went farther. The Triad Society, the most dangerous secret society in the Empire, might be ready for reform from within, but the first

reform demanded by them was the driving out of the Manchus and the restoration of the Ming dynasty.

This was the state of feeling in the early part of 1900, when the Boxer movement first declared itself.

There were mutterings of this movement for some time before the actual outbreak. In the Central Provinces it was known as the Big Knife Society, but whether it was anti-foreign or anti-dynastic was not known. Its origin is somewhat obscure, but the original members practised boxing, and taught the Chinese view of that science to the neophytes ostensibly to enable them to protect their homes. Mesmerism was also practised, and adherents were assured that by the operation of certain motions and incantations they would become invulnerable. There is no evidence that at the beginning the Government was not opposed to the disturbance, but as it increased in volume it became plain that it might develop into a dangerous anti-dynastic power. Before any decision could be arrived at it was necessary to investigate the claims set up of invulnerability. Prince Tuan, who was anti-foreign to the core, was entirely in the hands of the Boxer leaders, and at his instigation two persons were sent by the Empress Dowager as a commission to report upon the movement. On their return they brought with them a Boxer, who was received in audience with the commissioners—a most unusual proceeding, as not more than two persons are under ordinary circumstances received at the same time. Whether the commissioners were influenced by Prince Tuan or were genuinely deceived, they reported in favor of the Boxer pretensions to occult power. Whether the Empress Dowager was convinced or doubted her power to suppress the uprising, she took the line of least resistance and approved of the anti-foreign attack. That the ministers

were divided on the subject is well known, and the singular intermittence in the attacks upon the Legations afforded evidence of divided counsels. If that breach of international honor showed a treachery unthinkable among European nations, it also gave occasion in the inner circles of the Government for a tragic proof that China possessed among her statesmen examples of heroic independence and devotion to principle. When the attack was made Hsu Tsin Hun and Yuen Chang, both members of the Tsung li Yamen, memorialized the Empress Dowager that the attack upon the Legations was a fatal crime, and strongly urged that the Boxers should be suppressed at all hazards. A council was summoned at which they urged their views, and suggested that some members should be sent to consult with the ministers. Then Li Shan, the President of the Board of Revenue, said: "Your Majesty and Members of Council, this attack upon the Legations of friendly nations is a foolish and criminal act. You remember how China suffered from a war with Japan, and you now want to war with all the Powers of Europe as well. If you want money for such a purpose there are no funds in my Treasury." Prince Tuan answered that Li Shan feared for his property and ought to be beheaded. Within a few days these three men were arrested and executed. This episode showed the character of the Empress Dowager in its darkest side, for Li Shan had been her special *protégé*; but at the moment the influence of Prince Tuan was in the ascendant, and when such influence is brought to bear upon a masterful and despotic woman beset with difficulties and conscious of grave political and personal danger, restraint is apt to disappear.

The true story of her death may never be known, but it ends with dramatic completeness the life of one of

the most remarkable women of history—indomitable, resourceful, ruthless, and tender by turns, but always masterful; around whom love, pity, fear,

The Nineteenth Century and After.

and hatred have hovered with their lights and shadows for well nigh half a century.

Henry A. Blake.

### MILTON AND MODERN MEN.

The human habit of celebrating anniversaries is a pleasing one, for it enables us not only to praise famous men, but to reflect upon their influence and to learn by their example. For a moment we focus their personalities and are not content to enter into the fruits of their labors without understanding, to some extent, how and why they are immortal. John Milton is a famous man, and the world, on the three hundredth anniversary of his birth, is praising him and appraising him. His was a remarkable career, and he lived in a notable age. His fame as the author of the only English epic poem has somewhat obscured his personality, has hidden his career and its relation to his age. We bury, or more often time buries, great men in their works, which become, as it were, cenotaphs, the memorials of a name. Yet Milton as a personality stands out clear cut in the sunrise of the political Renaissance of the seventeenth century. He was a scholar in the fullest sense. His scholarship was the fruit of untiring labor. When the slight, beautiful boy went to Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1625, and was there nicknamed "The Lady," from his singular physical charm, he was already learned beyond the wont of a learned age, and he came to the most learned college in Europe, then under the tutorage of the famous Joseph Mede. Already a complete master of Greek, Latin, French, and Italian, and a student of Hebrew, he remained at Cambridge eight years, and enriched his scholarship with all that the university could offer. To the beauty, the

intellectual power, and the spirit in revolt that we note in Shelley, he added a depth of character and an austerity of virtue that from the first indicated a master mind. One compares him with Shelley instinctively. They had everything in common except character. Even the ages they lived in had broad common characteristics, common political possibilities; each wore the mantle of song from childhood, each was steeped in classical tradition, each looked with burning heart on the political and social discontents of his own age. But Milton had character and Shelley had not. Their respective visits to Italy illustrate this fact in a fashion that I need not labor. Milton returned to England, untarnished in morals and with a European reputation for culture and learning. Shelley found his grave in Italy, the grave of almost infinite powers. Many modern men divide among them the powers, qualities, aspirations, and genius that stood combined in Milton; but in potentiality Shelley was most like him. The author of *Lycidas* and the author of *Adonais* are surely twin-spirits in the Heavenly Circle of poets.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds,  
weep no more,  
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,  
Sunk though he be beneath the watery  
floor.  
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new-  
spangled ore  
Flames in the forehead of the morning  
sky:  
So Lycidas sunk low but mounted high.

may well compare with—

Peace, peace, he is not dead, he doth  
not sleep!  
He hath awakened from the dream of  
life

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead,  
not he;

Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young  
Dawn,

Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from  
thee

The spirit thou lamentest is not gone!

But I would not stay the comparison with these immortal poems; I would deliberately compare *Prometheus Unbound* with *Paradise Lost* as a further instance of a kinship hardly paralleled in the annals of literature. They were both spirits of revolt; and each wrote more than he realized of the spirit of his inner life when he wrote of Prometheus or of Adam. One might, without reflection, have thought that Shelley would have told the tale in which Paradise is lost and Milton that in which the Olympian Satan is dethroned. But it is there that the fundamental distinction between the two poets appears. Shelley looked for a new heaven and a new earth which man should inherit—the Socialist position. Milton knew that the kingdom of heaven and the kingdom of earth are within us. If we unbind Prometheus at all, if we give liberty to the incarnate spirit of "Wisdom, Courage, and long-suffering Love," we must unbind it from the Caucasian rock of our own heart, whereto it lies bound. Shelley was a Socialist, Milton was a Puritan; that is the sum of the matter. The two ideals stand framed for ever in two great passages: Shelley, after foretelling the destruction of the present social order, goes on:

The man remains  
Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but  
man:

Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,

Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king

Over himself; just, gentle, wise; but man.

Passionless? No:—yet free from guilt or pain,—

Which were, for his will made or suffered them;

Nor yet exempt, though ruling them like slaves,

From chance and death and mutability,—

The clogs of that which else might oversoar

The loftiest star of unascended heaven  
Pinnacled dim in the intense inane.

(*Prometheus Unbound*, Act 3.)

That is the Socialist ideal.

The Puritan's stern answer to any such dream is the entire epic of *Paradise Lost*. Had Adam not fallen, had man been other than he is, in fact, it might have been as Shelley and his modern followers hope it will be. The address to Adam by the Archangel in the XIIth Book sums up the position:

Since thy original lapse, true liberty  
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells

Twinned, and from her hath no dividual being.

Reason in man obscured, or not obeyed,  
Immediately inordinate desires

And upstart passions catch the government

From reason, and to servitude reduce  
Man till then free. Therefore, since he permits

Within himself unworthy powers to reign

Over free reason, God, in judgment just,

Subjects him from without to violent lords,

Who oft as undeservedly enchain

His outward freedom. Tyranny must be,

Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.  
Yet sometimes nations will decline so low

From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,



But justice and some fatal curse annexed,  
Deprives them of their outward liberty,  
Their inward lost.

This passage at first reading is strange reading. The passionate pilgrim of liberty, the unhesitating regicide, has reconciled himself to tyranny as an unavoidable evil. Yet the position is the true one, for the lines were written after the Restoration, after the Conformity Legislation of 1662, after the heavy hand of inebriate reaction was curing Puritanism of its illusions, of its vain dream of government. Yet it could only have been a very sane and a very great mind that could look back on the passionate struggle of twenty years and see the cause of its failure. The history of his own part in the fight for freedom is full of illumination. The news of the struggle beginning at home brought him post haste back from Italy in July, 1639. He had no doubt of his position. "Church and King" was no rallying cry of his, and, flinging his singing robes aside, he plunged into the battle. The Laudian policy was abhorrent to him. Had it not been for Laud he would have taken orders ten years before. He owed that eminent statesman some slight return. The return was a turgid flood of tracts. His tractate "of Reformation touching Church Discipline in England, and the causes that hitherto have hindered it," written in support of the five ministers whose undistinguished initials formed the famous word *Smectymnus*, violently attacked episcopacy on historical grounds:

We know that monarchy is made up of two parts, the liberty of the subject, and the supremacy of the king. I begin at the root. See what gentle and benign fathers they have been to our liberty!

The attack on the episcopal fathers that follows is as passionate a piece

of invective as even Milton ever wrote. You must not speak to him of avoiding extremes:

He that, flying from degenerate and traditional corruption, fears to shoot himself too far into the meeting embraces of a divinely warranted reformation, had better not have run at all.

Right or wrong, the young man let his elders have the full benefit of his unequalled vocabulary. Liberty was his theme, and who cannot write (who can write at all) on the greatest theme in the world. He poured forth the flood for all to bathe in, and the pamphlets were read, we must believe, eagerly. That such literature played a definite part in the crash that followed there can be little doubt. Yet for the moment the hunger for liberty degenerated into license. In no other way, I think, can we explain the extraordinary tracts on "the doctrine and discipline of divorce" that followed Milton's furious attacks on Prelacy. These Divorce Tracts were purely personal in their origin. Milton's marriage to Mary Powell in 1643 was interrupted after a very brief period, and she fled in despair to her old home. The poet-pamphleteer turned and rent "the bondage of Canon Law." He considered his wife's departure—a departure that was probably fully justified—as a sufficient ground for divorce, and urged his views with the vigor that he had learnt in his anti-episcopal campaign. For my present purpose it is not necessary to dwell on these tracts which are the most unconvincing specimens of brilliant special pleading that ever came from a gifted pen. But they answered a purpose in literature. It was considered necessary to suppress such unlicensed publications, with the result that the *Areopagitica* flamed forth upon a watching world. Milton had come back to his proper theme, to liberty for the people, and



forgot his own grievances, and his own advocacy of what was little short of license for the individual, in a nobler zeal. In 1645 his wife returned to him, and the marriage proved happy after all.

That Milton had no intention or desire to stop half-way in the quest of liberty is shown by his tract on "The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," published a few days after the execution of King Charles. His theme was that "it is lawful, and hath been held so through all ages, for any, who have the power, to call to account a tyrant, or wicked king, and, after due conviction, to depose, and put him to death; if the ordinary magistrate have neglected, or denied to do it." It is here that he fulminates the doctrine that Rousseau was to preach. "No man," writes Milton, "who knows aught, can be so stupid to deny, that all men naturally were born free." He puts forth a sort of social contract, he announces the trusteeship of kings with powers "committed to them in trust from the people to the common good of them all, in whom the power yet remains fundamentally, and cannot be taken from them, without a "violation of their natural birthright." The king deposed and become a malefactor after seven years' war is a fit subject of justice, "no more to spare than another ordinary man." The facts and deductions were plain enough to Milton, and he was, therefore, unalterably bound to the Revolution, and became its servant or Latin secretary, employed to translate foreign despatches into dignified Latin."

As the dream of liberty faded a change slowly passed over the outlook of his mighty soul. The long-silenced muse was slowly awakening, domestic griefs came thick and fast, a new tyranny had the land in grasp. When in 1658 the now blind poet began to write the long meditated epic, time and

its revenges had damped the puritanic fires, had blown away the smoke and mist of social, constitutional, and personal illusions. The natal rights of man were no longer pure liberty, equality, fraternity; man inherited also the passions that fetter liberty. The whole of *Paradise Lost* is the history of the loss of liberty. The man that wrote it had parted with his illusions. The way to liberty was now the way of reasonableness, the way of education, the way of love. Six years had passed since he had written in his sonnet "to the Lord General Cromwell":

Yet much remains  
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories  
No less renowned than War.

And he had seen no victories of peace, and was about to see, as he knew full well, a land of lust and license, a land reeking with all that his youth had hated most, and yet a land of peace. I like to compare Milton's slow disillusionment and the marvellous way in which he turned that bitterness into a new source of life, with the similar disillusionment that came to a very different but scarcely less great poet—Wordsworth. Wordsworth, of course, began as a revolutionist, and, by one of those charming ironies that almost reconcile one to fate, he was in Paris in October, 1792. It was just the place for an English revolutionist. His experiences are told with minute detail in books nine, ten, and eleven of the *Prelude*. Lord Morley says that these books,

by their strenuous simplicity, their deep truthfulness, their slow-footed and inexorable transition from ardent hope to dark imaginations, sense of woes to come, sorrow for human kind, and pain of heart, breathe the very spirit of the great catastrophe. . . . The story of these three Books has something of the severity, the self-control, the inexorable

necessity of classic tragedy, and like classic tragedy, it has a noble end. The dregs and sour sediment that reaction from exaggerated hope is so apt to stir in poor natures, had no place here. The French Revolution made the one crisis in Wordsworth's mental history, the one heavy assault on his continence of soul, and when he emerged from it all his greatness remained to him.

Cannt we say the same and more of Milton? He gave the best years of his manhood, the best gifts of his mind, to the English Revolution, only to find, when he awakened from his dream, that he was poor and of no account in the world for which he had striven, that he was blind to the world of beauty and nature, that he had few to love him and few to love. Those heavy assaults on his continence of soul had left him reinvigorated. He emerged from them with a new greatness. He that had been blind to the essential facts of human nature and human society saw truth at last with a vision perpetually undulled; and so he resumed his singing robes and made music that will be coeval with time.

It was the return to nature, the flinging aside of European sophistries, that saved Wordsworth. It was the return to the essential facts of human nature that saved Milton. And each found his solace in the great deeps of song. With Milton, however, it is impossible not to feel that the song, great as it is, is nevertheless subsidiary to the man. With Shakespeare, with Wordsworth, the poet is the man. Their writings are themselves. We are not particularly interested in them in any personal sense. Did Shakespeare's sonnets unlock Shakespeare's heart? Well, the less Shakespeare he, says Browning, with an impatient shrug of the shoulders, while Wordsworth's personal history tells us nothing of human nature, nothing of the

struggle that availed, nothing of the soul at grips with eternity. If we knew no word of Wordsworth's life, we should invent a history for him as we try to invent one for Shakespeare. But with Milton it is different. The man is greater than his work. As we look backward into the seventeenth century the passionate austerity of his life seems to brood over his epoch. There is one modern man, and one only, who can be likened to Milton—a Dutchman, Ludwig van Beethoven. It is worth while to make a momentary comparison. Consider Milton first, a veritable well of music from his earliest years. Read his poem written at the age of seventeen "on the Death of a Fair Infant." It is a wonderful composition, and foretells all the variety of his verse. His "Vacation Exercise," written two years later, shows his growth of power over the ten-syllable line. At the age of twenty-one he wrote his "Hymn on the Nativity," a poem with a fixed place in literature. One stanza shows how early Milton achieved his peculiar power over the ancient classical device of weaving vague names of mysterious import into almost magic lines:

Peor and Baëllm

Forsake their temples dim,

With that twice-battered god of Palestine;

And moonèd Ashtaroth,

Heaven's queen and mother both,

Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine:

The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn;

In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

It is needless to pursue the list of his early triumphs, such as the lines on Shakespeare, written in 1630, and *L' Allegro* and *il Penseroso*, written in 1632—"the most perfect record in the language of the impression made by natural scenery upon a thorough scholar." Had Milton died in 1637 in-

stead of nearly forty years later, his place among our poets would have been assured. *Comus* and *Lycidas* are, indeed, among the prodigies of literature. It is in *Comus* that Milton's enchanted muse reaches her Shakespearian height. Even Shakespeare failed to equal all these flights of music. The lines in which *Comus* describes the singing of the strayed damsel have, indeed, hardly their equal in the English tongue:

Can any mortal mixture of earth's  
mould  
Breathe such divine enchanting ravish-  
ment?  
Sure something holy lodges in that  
breast,  
And with these raptures moves the  
vocal air  
To testify his hidden residence.  
How sweetly did they float upon the  
wings  
Of silence, through the empty vaulted  
night,  
At every fall smoothing the raven  
down  
Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft  
heard  
My mother Circe with the Sirens three,  
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,  
Culling their potent herbs and baleful  
drugs,  
Who, as they sung, would take the  
prisoned soul,  
And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,  
And chid her barking waves into at-  
tention,  
And fell Charybdis murmured soft ap-  
plause.  
Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the  
sense,  
And in sweet madness robbed it of it-  
self;  
But such a sacred and home-felt de-  
light,  
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,  
I never heard till now.

It had been done before, and has been done since, this description of the appeal of the human to the half-human, of the woman to the Praxitelean Faun, but never, I think, with so cer-

tain a touch, with so clear an insight into wild nature's heart.

So Milton's first great poetic period came to an end. We have seen something of the pamphleteering that followed and of the slow approach of sobriety and middle age. The only indication that we get of the ripening gift of poetry are the mighty sonnets that came slowly from his hand. Counting the early sonnets we have eighteen in all. In 1648 came the great sonnet to Fairfax. Four years later we have the sonnets to Cromwell and Henry Vane, the younger. Then come the tremendous lines on "The late massacre in Piedmont" and the wonderful sonnet "On his blindness," which, marking as it does the advent of a patience that might seem impossible in one of so tempestuous a nature, a patience to which we owe his greatest work, I must quote in part:

"Doth God exact day-labor, light de-  
nied?"  
I fondly asked. But Patience, to pre-  
vent  
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth  
not need  
Either man's work or His own gifts.  
Who best  
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him  
best. His state  
Is kingly: thousands at His bidding  
speed,  
And post o'er land and ocean without  
rest;  
They also serve who only stand and  
wait."

He is satisfied. He feels that he has not labored in vain. He has lost his sight, he says, in the second sonnet to Cyriac Skinner:

In liberty's defence, my noble task,  
Of which all Europe rings from side to  
side.

His last sonnet was on his second wife, who died after less than two years of real happiness. It is, I think (despite

Dr. Johnson), Milton's greatest sonnet. He dreams of her as Alcestis come back from death to the blind poet:

But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,  
I waked, she fled, and day brought  
back my night.

Through the Valley of the Shadow of Death Milton came at last to his greatest work, to the epic that will live so long as English literature lives.

I think anyone conversant with the life of Beethoven will admit the justice of my comparison between the two men. Beethoven was as passionate as Milton—one of those men who rave about the wrongs of things while in their heart of hearts they know that God has a meaning in it all,—was as austere and as pure as Milton. He was a man who in youth flung his mighty music at the world as Milton did. He was a man who deliberately trod his lower nature down and watched the slow approach of disastrous deafness with a definite determination to be great in spite of things. To become perfect in his art, which he definitely dedicated to the welfare of humanity, before his ear had gone, was his supreme labor; to create an inward ear independent of the waves of sound. And he succeeded. When at last he was shut out from earthly melody he was the supreme master of music in the world. We are told by Mrs. Diehl that "there was no man so great, so daring, as he among those that followed him; and we can scarcely realize the depth of his greatness, and the intensity of his daring, until we remember that his finest orchestral works, his symphonies, his 'Fidelio,' his greater concertos and chamber pieces were written without his bodily ears having heard what was present to his mind." It was Milton over again. It was Character guiding Genius into the Holy of Holies.

It is interesting to hold in view the

four minds dominating Europe at that moment, Beethoven, Kant, Pitt, and Napoleon; and, if I may say so, dominating it still in some considerable measure. But while the influence of Pitt and Napoleon is rapidly passing away, that of Beethoven and Kant increases with the increasing years. Some such domination of great minds was visible in the time I have been considering. Milton, Newton and Leibnitz, Cromwell, Richelieu, and Mazarin are comparable in world influence with the former group. It is significant that in the great moments of history the influence of poetry and pure thought stands out in retrospect as more than comparable with the influence of mighty politicians. Nowhere is this more noticeable than in the case of Milton, who was primarily an Apostle of Liberty. Indeed, the pure idea of true liberty is absent from no portion of his work. The Modernist has entered, or thinks that he has entered, into his labors. The modern or, let us say, the nineteenth-century poet, has a new field to survey. He has what is called the Social Question. He has seen that man politically free is, in fact, in many cases born in chains, lives in chains, and dies in chains. Milton foresaw it all, and in his views upon education saw the way out. The original sin of ignorance and its kennel mate, unreasonableness, supplies the causes of social slavery; the slavery of the half-timer, of the half-educated child laborer, of the factory girl, of the motor 'bus driver, with his sixteen hours a day; the slavery of the rich loafer and the poor loafer; the slavery of too much employment or too little employment. It is a new aspect of that old problem—the struggle for freedom. The seventeenth century solved it, or gave us the means of solving it, from the point of view of politics. That question for us is settled for ever, and one can only regret that Mr. Swin-

burne should have devoted such an avalanche of magnificent verse to the solution for the Italians and the Russians of a problem which, with the help of a primer of English history, they can solve for themselves. It is a pity that he (unlike Milton the regicide) has grown old in scourging kings and praising the

one red star tyrannicide,

when he could so worthily have been our modern Milton and stormed his way into that citadel of ignorance which still keeps from the people the precious gift of liberty. Milton stormed the outer walls nor shrank back from the then impossible task of opening the inner gates. For he saw clearly enough that absolute liberty rested not with the ruler but with the individual man and his "Inner Liberty," and gave the chief labors of his life to demonstrate the fact. It is too late, perhaps, to ask for further songs before sunrise from Mr. Swinburne, but some poet, sooner or later, will have to arise and sing them.

But what Mr. Swinburne might have done Mr. Ruskin essayed to do, and essayed with a measure of success that quite makes us forget some little slips in economics. "Unto this last" struck a note that went to the very conscience of the Masters of Industry. Those who controlled production and made England the richest nation in the world had never thought about the slavery question or the liberty question at all. England is the land of Freedom, they would say, as they wielded the labor of many millions of men, women, and children who had no education, who had no religion, who had no training of heart or mind or body outside the little mechanical trick of the mill hand. There was and is something Miltonic in the whole problem, but there was no Milton. Yet

Ruskin was a force that told. "His was one of the principal forces of the time," says Mr. E. T. Cook, "in awakening the sympathies and elevating the moral 'standards of the community.'" His writings, Mr. Cook adds, with perfect justice, have powerfully contributed to that recasting of economic doctrine which is still in progress. "His principal suggested reforms were: A system of national education, the organization of labor, the establishment of Government training schools, old age pensions (for 'soldiers of the ploughshare as well as of the sword'), and the provision of decent houses for the working classes." The Ruskin school of thought is bound to win the day as the Milton school won the day, but only after long struggles and much agony. It is important to contrast Milton and modern men for this very reason. Milton's problem and our problem in the matter of liberty are very closely allied. The struggle to obtain political liberty for a century and a half after Milton's death swayed forwards and backwards in doubtful fashion. The struggle to obtain social liberty is not likely to end at once. The ignorance of the world is still satanic. The flavor of the fatal apple faded far sooner than the theologians fancy. Is, then, Paradise for ever closed?

The gate

With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.

Milton did not think so. He himself in his own life somehow won a sweetness that knows no satiety out of a bitterness like death. To-day we may well, indeed, feel more hopeful than Milton ever could have felt. The Tree of Knowledge is no longer banned. The Gates of the Garden are open, and all are invited to enter. But opportunities are not everything. The quest for absolute liberty is a far cry. It is



like mountain climbing. Slope after slope is conquered; but still above smiles the virginal peak that generation after generation will still toil towards and fail to reach.

But perhaps, after all, there is a reason for the slow progress that we make towards Liberty; perhaps we are wrong in believing that Liberty is a kingdom to be conquered by Legislation or Revolution, by Taxation or Bloodshed. Milton began by thinking that a new earth could be created by a besom; that one had but to sweep prelates and kings into a sawdust pan and there was not only an end of slavery, not only a beginning of liberty, but a Paradise in full fruit. Milton in 1658 had abandoned such notions. Indeed, as early as 1637 he had declared that man "is his own dungeon." Those who freed the black population of the United States in 1865 saw in a year or two that the work of liberty was all yet to do. Milton two centuries earlier had seen that the all important thing is what he called "the Inner Liberty." If a man's soul is in chains, it may be little use freeing his body or giving him political power. It may be but substituting a tyrant with many heads for a tyrant with one head, a hydra for a scorpion. There we cannot stand. Society to-day needs a new Milton; a poet who can

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tilt with a mighty lance against the battalions that embattle the inner liberty. The human soul is still a captive vile in the hands of strangers and aliens who demand of it servile service. Many of us "never once possess our soul before we die." The phalanxes of ignorance, unreasonableness, greed, jealousies, anger, faithlessness, and hopelessness ring us round. It is only the few men like Haemmerlein, Milton, and Beethoven, who break their way in and show us how to live. But the western sky is bright. Modern men have opportunities given to no other age. And, to be just to ourselves, there never was an age that thought out its problems with a keener mind, with a deeper reverence, and a nobler determination to face the unknown with a cheer. There it is that hope lies. But modern men will eventually have to come back to Milton's solution—call it a religious solution or a psychological solution or what you will—the recognition of the fact that it ultimately lies with each personality, whether he or she will grasp Liberty and live. The choice of life or limbo lies in the end with the individual. It is the business of modern men to give the individual the opportunity of making a just and an everlasting choice.

*J. E. G. de Montmorency.*

## HARDY-ON-THE-HILL.

BY M. E. FRANCIS

(*Mrs. Francis Blundell.*)

### CHAPTER IX.

At three o'clock a clattering in the yard of the Little Farm announced the arrival of the girls' steeds. Kitty, whose figure had not much altered during the three years which had elapsed since she had last ridden, had managed to don her habit, which, though somewhat worn and of unfashionable cut,

nevertheless became her well enough. Bess, however, had grown a little taller and a good deal plumper since the days when, as a lassie of fourteen, she had taken lessons at a riding-school. She could, indeed, wear the skirt, but the coat was an impossibility. She was constrained therefore to content herself with the little blue serge jacket



of everyday wear, and was disposed to pout in consequence. Her face cleared, however, as she caught sight of her pony, which had been well groomed and looked quite smart.

"Oh," cried Bess, with a spring of rapture, "how lovely it all is! My pony is a darling—prettier than your gee, Kitty, though that's a noble animal too. Aren't you going to ride, Mr. Hardy?"

"Not for the first time, I think," rejoined Stephen. "All my horses except this are young ones and not quite to be depended on. They might start kicking or jumping and upset the mare here. She's a good-plucked one too, though she's not so young as she was."

"But you'll keep quite near, won't you, in case we tumble off," pleaded Bess. "Are you going to put us up, Mr. Hardy?"

"Yes, I'll put you up. Bring the mare here, John."

The man who was holding the animals obeyed, and Stephen turned to Kitty:—

"Now, Miss Leslie."

In another moment Kitty found herself in the saddle, and Stephen, with a businesslike air, was arranging her girths. Except for the brief words of invitation, which were, indeed, almost a command, he did not speak to her, and now, though he took infinite pains to secure her comfort, he neither glanced at her nor smiled. Kitty's heart smote her. Despite her ever-increasing anxiety to make Farmer Hardy keep his distance, she was conscious of how ungracious her attitude must appear to him. Truly, he might well ask himself why she should accept favors if she meant to repay them with slights and ingratitude. He could not know, of course, the haunting dread which forced her to accept his kindness and, on the other hand, constrained her to point out as definitely as she could the impassable barrier be-

tween her sister and himself. Nevertheless, a word of thanks was permissible now.

"You are very good to take so much trouble," she said in a small voice.

Stephen made fast a buckle and strap, and inquired, in reply, if the saddle felt quite comfortable. He did not raise his eyes as he spoke.

"Yes, thank you," answered she hesitatingly. "I'm afraid we are taking up a great deal of your time, Mr. Hardy."

"I'm not at all busy this afternoon," said he.

"Mr. Hardy, Mr. Hardy, Jock won't stand—is his name Jock? He's fidgeting so. Do come and put me up! I'm sure Kitty is all right now."

Thus Bess, who, having been alternately feeding her pony with sugar and endeavoring to kiss his nose, was now anxious to begin the business of the day.

Stephen went towards her without another look at Kitty, and, after much hopping and shrieking on the part of Bess and a certain amount of fidgeting on the part of the pony, she was finally deposited in her seat. The necessary adjustment of girths ensued, to an accompaniment of wriggling and laughter on Bess's side, and at last she declared herself quite comfortable, and, gathering up her reins, clattered out of the yard at a smart trot. Tamshe, the mare, startled at this uncanonical behavior, threw up her head with a snort and a flounder and was for darting in pursuit before Kitty was fully prepared.

Stephen was at her side in a moment, restoring tranquility by a pat or two and a soothing word.

"How well she knows you!" remarked Kitty as they paced sedately in Bess's wake.

"All the creatures here know my hand," said Stephen, smiling for the first time. "They know my voice too;

don't you, lady?" he added, addressing the mare.

Then he glanced at Kitty's hands.

"You've forgotten how to hold your reins haven't you?" he asked, and smiled again. "Like this, see, and carry the whip, so."

He illustrated the lesson with the ends of the reins, being careful not to touch Kitty's fingers. She bethought her with a kind of shame that he had detected, and now remembered her indignation when he gave Bess that practical lesson in milking.

"Hold her in when you first get upon the grass," pursued the farmer, "and take her up the hill—that will take it out of her a bit. The old lady's wind is not so good as it was, but I dare say you'll relish a canter."

Bess had already passed through the gate of the field in question, and was now pounding along with much play of the elbows and bumping in the saddle. Her hair had already come down and her face was scarlet with excitement.

"Gallop, gallop, Kitty," she gasped. "Oh, isn't it glorious—I wish my foot wouldn't keep slipping in the stirrup though. Let's gallop, gallop!"

"Bess, take care!" shrieked Kitty, as the pony went hammering off, gathering speed every moment and testifying to his supreme enjoyment by an occasional little kick.

"She's all right," said Stephen. "She won't have far to fall if she does fall. Look after yourself, Miss Leslie, the mare's more ticklish, though she is a kind creature."

Tamsine indeed had shown some excitement at her little companion's antics and required all her rider's attention. Stephen ran beside her when she started off, keeping his hand on the reins until she settled down into what seemed a comfortable and easy canter.

Though Kitty was unaccustomed to riding, she had a naturally good seat, and as she took the mare gently up the

incline, all trace of anxiety left Stephen's face, and he stood looking after her with a satisfied air. He had forgotten all about Bess, when a sudden shriek recalled the fact of her existence, and turning quickly he beheld her lying prone upon the ground, while Jock made off with all speed in the wake of his stable companion.

"Catch him, catch him," cried Bess, sitting up.

She was on her feet before he could reach her and starting in pursuit of her recreant steed, screaming meanwhile with all her strength to Kitty to stop him.

"Hush, Miss Bess! Hush, for goodness' sake," called out Stephen. "You'll frighten the mare!"

The warning came too late! Jock, delighted to find himself at liberty, and excited by Bess's cries, was now rushing madly after Tamsine, the rapid sound of his advance causing Kitty to turn in her seat and the mare to start forward simultaneously. Impelled by some demon of mischief, Jock raced past mare and rider, making straight for the hedge which separated the large field in which they found themselves from a smaller one, where he had at one time been turned out. Stephen set off running at top speed, but too late to stop the ensuing catastrophe. The pony scrambled on to the bank and through the hedge with the nimbleness of a cat; Tamsine, excited, irritated at finding herself distanced, and making no more of her incompetent rider than if she did not exist, attempted to fly the obstacle, rose at it, and fell back.

"My God!" murmured Stephen, his heart stopping for a moment, but the next he breathed a deep sigh of thankfulness.

The mare was on her legs again, and Kitty lay a small, dark heap on the ground, motionless indeed, but at least free of the saddle.

Tamsine shook herself and trotted quietly towards the stable. Stephen, however, paid no attention to her, and ran with all speed to the spot where Kitty lay. Her face was deathly white, the eyes closed, the lips slightly parted; the young farmer dropped on his knees beside her, his own face blanched beneath its tan; he felt for her heart—thank God it still beat! He had removed her hat and loosened her collar by the time Bess came up, loudly wailing.

"Oh, she's dead! Kitty's dead, and I've killed her!"

"No, she's not dead," said Stephen authoritatively. "Now, Miss Bess, this is no time to lose your head. You'd better unfasten a few more of those buttons and do what you can for your sister while I run for help."

"Oh, don't leave me," cried Bess, clutching at his arm, "perhaps she'll die while you're gone—or perhaps she'll get much worse and I shan't know what to do!"

"I'll stay here then," returned Stephen, impatiently, "and you run down to my place as hard as ever you can. Tell a couple of the men to bring a gate or a hurdle, or something here at once, and send some one off for the doctor. Miss Leslie's light, and thank Heaven the mare didn't roll on her. I hope there isn't very much damage done. It's concussion, I think."

Bess, who had been bending over Kitty with chattering teeth, managed with difficulty to loosen the buttons aforesaid with her trembling fingers, and ran off as directed, staggering a little and keeping up a sort of sobbing lamentation as she went.

At last the sound of her woe died away and Stephen was left alone with his charge. He took off his coat and laid it under Kitty's head, accidentally loosening her already disordered hair. Kitty made no sign of returning life, and he gazed anxiously into her face.

What a young face it was, and how beautiful with its soft curves and tender lines! She might be a child asleep but for that terrible pallor. He held his breath as he watched her, his face, his whole attitude denoting the most intense solicitude. One looking out at him from her post of ambush in a thicket watched too with breathless interest, but it was Stephen whom she watched.

After a pause, Stephen half hesitatingly touched Kitty's wrist; yes, the pulse certainly beat; through the partially opened bodice of her habit, a little frill of lace had crept, and to his joy he saw it flutter. He moved away a few paces, averting his face, feeling it as it were an intrusion, almost an act of desecration, to gaze at the girl as she lay there helpless in his charge.

It was very still up there; the early wintry evening was drawing near; already the homing rooks were making for the copse yonder, behind which the sun was dipping. The trees clung together, an indefinable dusky mass at this hour, the stillness of evening already in possession of the boughs and twigs that but a little while ago had been tossing and swaying in a brisk wintry wind. Betwixt the boles came long shafts of ruddy light, but on the lower part of the slope the ground itself was already in shadow.

The grass had taken on that curious intensity of green which in a few moments more would pass into gray; his own goodly ricks and stacks in the hollow seemed to diffuse a kind of reflex radiance, though the sun no longer touched them. There would be a frost to-night; already it was growing cold. Would the folks never come?

He ventured to glance at Kitty again; not so much as a flicker of the eyelids to denote returning animation; once more he laid his finger on the

wrist; it seemed to him the pulse beat more feebly.

But a few moments had passed in reality since Bess's departure, but they seemed to him an eternity. Something ought to be done for Kitty—something, he did not know what. Perhaps she would die for the lack of it—die there on the cold ground while he, Stephen, looked on without raising a finger to help her. With sudden resolution he rose to his feet and, then stooping, raised Kitty in his arms.

Why, he could carry her as easily as though she were a child. He should have thought of it before. He would have her home in a few moments now. Her beautiful, helpless head fell back over his arm, and, shifting his light burden a little, he pillowed it upon his shoulder, her long hair streaming over his breast. He stood quite still for one moment, and then pressed forward as rapidly as he could without danger to his charge.

The change of position and possibly the quick motion operated as restoratives; before they had gone half way down the hill Kitty opened her eyes, and, after a moment or two's blank staring, struggled to speak.

"Mr. Hardy, put me down," she gasped faintly.

Stephen's eyes, which had been gazing full of anxious and tender concern into her own, now assumed the hard look to which she had of late been accustomed.

"I am obliged to carry you home," he said; "the folks delayed so long I couldn't wait for them. You ought to be attended at once."

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"Oh," said Kitty, "I remember now."

She shuddered a little in his arms as she recalled the accident and the horror which had accompanied it, and lay for a moment with closed eyes, feeling very weak and miserable. It would have been almost better to have been killed, she thought, than to have to be borne home by Farmer Hardy.

Stephen's swinging strides were carrying them both over the ground at a prodigious pace, yet to Kitty it seemed as though the transit would never end. She opened her eyes and glanced at him stealthily. How strong he was! Those great arms of his never shook or wavered, and in uncomfortably close proximity to her ear she could feel the measured beatings of his heart. Her eyes wandered to his face. It was still paler than usual, and looked stern, yet—or, perhaps, it was her sick fancy—there were lines of pain about the mouth.

"Mr. Hardy," said Kitty, with sudden remorse, "I—I—I am most dreadfully sorry—I—am really not so ungrateful as I seem."

He looked down at her for a second with a softening face, but he did not answer a word.

The watcher in the Lover's Walk noticed the pause, and her jealous heart leaped up within her; what were they saying to each other, those two? Then she saw Stephen go on again, and, pressing through the prickly branches, losing for the moment all thought of hiding herself, she came out into the open, and gazed after his retreating figure till it vanished through the gate.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE DEAD BONES.

There has of late been a healthy spirit of inquiry abroad touching many matters which for long have been taken for granted, and in no direction have the inquiries after knowledge probed harder—it would be unfair to say deeper—than into the conduct and education of the governing classes of the country. The democratic press of all the parties has feasted apolaustically upon the latest ragging scandal; our public-school boys live in the glare of the lime-light of the halfpenny papers; rumor has it that the first school in the country is thought worthy of, or worth, the attention of a whole resident reporter all to itself. Demos has summoned the two Universities and the Public Schools before its intolerant bar; and it has become necessary for those who benefit from long-established privileges to prove themselves worthy of the place they hold in the general life of the nation.

Let us take a brief look at the history of an average son of averagely well-to-do parents. The terms upper, middle, and lower classes are invidious and misleading; and for the present purpose it is sufficient to divide society into those who can and those who cannot afford to send their sons into the public schools or the navy. Or a nearly corresponding division is that between the H-pronouncing and the H-less, or H-fearing, portions of the community.

Little Johnny Jones, with a perfect mastery of his H's, and a couple of sovereigns in his pocket, is shivering with mingled fright and excitement in a corner of the big school, or hall, where the members of the three or four lowest forms are supposed to prepare their work for the next day. He is one of a batch of some thirty or forty new boys, who herd together for mutual

protection, while sundry lower-school imps, a year or two older, occasionally "cut out" one of the timid band, and submit him to a merciless fire of searching questions. Johnny has nothing peculiar about his dress—his father saw to that,—and takes his catechism quietly, so he is soon let alone. But there is one unfortunate youth who has the unparalleled effrontery to wear brown boots. Brown boots! On a wretched new boy! ! When only prefects may put on these insignia of rank! ! He is chaffed and hustled and chidden, till he is able to sneak away to his little cubicle, where he removes the offending objects in a flood of tears.

A day or two later we find Johnny sitting on an lanky form at the bottom of the Middle Fourth. He is a fairly sharp youngster, who has been well taught at the private school where he has spent the last two years. A question is passed down the form; no one knows the answer, till it comes to Johnny, who gives the right one, and goes up top. Presently, towards the end of the lesson, he is put on to construe the carefully edited *Cæsar* which the form are taking. At "prep" the night before he had become interested in the account before him of a march and a battle, and had gone on beyond the portion allotted for the next day's lesson. The master, delighted to find a vein of interest in his mine of unintelligence, allows Johnny to go on construing, keeps the form a minute or two after the clock has struck, and says "That's very well done, Jones," as he shuts his book. Poor Johnny! He is immediately set upon by a dozen young savages, the thick-heads at the bottom of the form, who twist his arm and hack his shins, and intimate in no uncertain tones that he has committed at least two unpardonable crimes, and

that if he do it again worse things will befall.

Now Johnny is no hero, but only a very ordinary little boy,—perhaps a trifle fonder of books than the general run of little boys, but neither hero nor fool. He quickly and thoroughly learns the lesson that his only business in school hours is to do a minimum of work—just enough to get him his removes in due season,—and that public opinion, all-powerful deity, will not tolerate a small boy in the Middle Fourth who shows an unreasonable interest in or knowledge of *Cæsar*, his *Gallic Wars*.

In the afternoon Johnny is drafted into one of the small-boy games on the lower-school cricket-ground, and here the real business of the day begins. Each game has a big boy, a member of the first or second elevens, looking after it. Johnny goes in among the tall of his side, and makes a good score. Next day he finds himself in a higher game, and in a week or two is playing in a "small" eleven against a neighboring private school. His status is at once secure; big boys are civil to him,—*"That's the kid who knocked up 40 against the Fernhurst brats"*; his peers like him, and he begins to write home enthusiastic letters to his mother about the jolly time he is having.

Then comes a fall. Playing a second time in a "small eleven," he makes an unnecessary score, when his side already have plenty of runs, thanks to which the others are able to make a draw of it. This is a grievous offence, and it takes him weeks to live it down. But he has learnt that a public-school boy must play for his side, not for himself; must get out, if need be, that his eleven may win.

The terms pass by, and many notions get into Johnny's head and stay there. He finds that the road to honor lies through play; he works at his play and

plays at his work. He finds that a deal of immoral behavior, both of speech and action, lies beneath the surface of school life; and being, as I have said, no hero, is to some extent influenced thereby. Things which first shock, then attract, and he goes through a certain moral crisis; mercifully ended for him by a good prefect, who, against all the rules, beats original sin out of him with a fives' bat. He decides that although certain sins are pleasant the percentage of risk attaching to them is too high to make indulgence safe. Moreover, he is confirmed at about this time, and the straight talks in chapel from a sensible and kindly headmaster are not without their effect.

By the time he is seventeen he has begun to take an interest in his personal appearance, and his manners in the drawing-room are distinctly good. With his elders he is quiet and unassuming, and he treats his father very much as he would his house-master—with a certain shy respectfulness before his face, and a jovial but quite unwarranted assumption of familiarity behind his back.

Intellectually he is much the same as when he left the sheltered roof of his private school. He has reached the haven of the Middle Fifth, and is safe from any superannuation clause. He dreams about cricket when he is up at form, and talks about it in his study, when he and his friend Robinson are "mugging up" their piece of *Cicero* for to-morrow's early school. The pair are possessed of a large assortment of Bohns,—worst of all possible translations, but cheap and literal. Their form-master is perfectly well aware that they, and half his form, use "cribs," but what can he do? There is no absolute proof, and he is an easy-going man, steeped in the school routine for twenty years. He comforts his conscience by making the form pay



special attention to Latin and Greek grammar, and chases them assiduously through the arid wastes of *μῆ οὐ* and the sterile deserts of *οὐ μῆ*. This he calls "giving them a sound foundation of scholarship," and it kills the little remaining interest that any of them feel in the classical authors.

In his last year at school Johnny gets into the Upper Fifth, thanks to one or two boys leaving unexpectedly; is made a prefect, and is given his first eleven cap. He is now one of the little circle of Olympian beings who control the lives and destinies of the community. In its centre are the captains of the cricket and football elevens; next to them one may place the headmaster, and the one or two members of senior common-room who, from athletic prowess or force of character, have gained power and influence over their charges. Then comes the general body of prefects, and hovering round the edge of the circle, or but scarcely in it, are the rest of the masters.

Among Johnny's duties as a prefect were "keeping school"—that is to say, preserving order in the big school building, while some eighty or ninety urchins of fourteen and fifteen prepared their lesson of an afternoon; "keeping dormitory," which meant walking up and down one or other of the lower-school dormitories for an hour after the small boys had gone to bed; reading the lessons in chapel when his turn came; and generally seeing that the rules of the place were faithfully observed. His powers of punishment were considerable. He could set "lines"; could give three strokes with a cane; could report to the senior prefect, which implied a severe caning for the offender before the assembled body of prefects; in short, the prefects were the Head's Prætorian guard and the discipline of the school was in their hands.

Now the master who took the Upper Fifth was a fine scholar, but recently

come from Oxford with the honor of a First in Greats upon him. He was moreover a sensible man, who in his own school-days had suffered many things from the prevailing system of teaching.

One of the books the form were taking was *The Frogs* of Aristophanes; and the way this bold innovator taught it to his boys—who were of course only some four or five years younger than himself—was by making them act it. He first took them quickly through it, giving each boy a copy of the admirable translation which was made when the play was acted by the O. U. D. S. in the early "nineties." Then, when they had got a general notion of its structure, they were given parts, and the play was read through with appropriate inflections of voice and gesture. You could always tell an Upper Fifth boy at that time by his perpetual "*βρεκ-εκ-εκ-έξ κοδέ κοδέ!*" The form began to become a nuisance.

A month before the end of the term the suggestion was made—by a boy in the form who had always been looked upon by other masters he had worked(!) for, as a sharp thorn in the flesh—that the Vth Pars Sup. should give a dramatic entertainment at the end of the term, consisting of scenes from one *Αριστοφάνης, Οἱ Βατράχοι*.

In spite of the opposition of the VIth form master, the suggestion was carried out, and very well carried out. At the end, their pedagogue was carried on to the stage by the cheering members of his form. Johnny had a small part,—knew the whole play and its jokes and its meaning by heart, and much of it will always remain with him.

Next term the form acted that not uninteresting old play, *The Phormio*,—probably the best of the Plauto-Terentian epoch,—in the same kind of way, in spite of the jeers of the VIth at

them for "a gang of mountebanks," "a licentious crew of juvenile mummers." The VIth form master boiled over with taunts and bitter epigrams; he was a clever man with an acid tongue, a faithful worshipper at the fetish shrine of "scholarship."

If I were an artist I would paint a picture. I would draw a gloomy hollow in great hills, a rocky narrow defile, into which a troop of young human intellects are passing. Enthroned in the shadow sits a monstrous god, and all around are they who carry out his will. As each glad young spirit comes under the shadow of that horrid shape it shrivels and withers, and is handled by the unclean ministers of the place, and carried off into dark and fearful caverns, whose mouths are dimly visible amidst an eddying cloud of mephitic vapors. One or two there are, more robust or more fortunate than their fellows, who escape back down the defile, shrunk indeed, and often stunted for all their days, but still alive. And I should call the picture, *The Old Scholarship*.

Together with *The Phormio*, Johnny's form took those books of *Thucydides* which deal with the *Syracusan* expedition. The first step their young master took was to obtain a half-dozen copies of *Jowett's* translation and hand them over to his boys. He was sorry he could not get more, he said; but it was an expensive book, and they must make the half-dozen do. In addition to translating a far longer piece of the text at each lesson than was usual, they wrote essays on the *Kύκλος* question, on the character of *Nicias*, on the strategy and tactics of the campaign. The best of these essays were read out to the form; and frequently two of the boys would arrange to take different sides, and then the class-room would resemble a heated but orderly debating society.

Mistakes in the writing of English

were pointed out to them, and a few simple and elementary rules laid down for their guidance. They were warned against the split infinitive, the unduly long sentence, and suchlike pitfalls. Not one had ever before been instructed in the use of his own language.

It need hardly be said that in spite of this sudden and almost forgotten interest in his books, Johnny was as keen as ever about his cricket and football. His life was very full and very happy, and he will always look upon his last year at school as one of the happiest he is ever likely to spend.

And now a day comes when his eyes are wet, for all his nineteen years. sorrowfully leaving the well-loved buildings, he has passed down the long corridor and through the quadrangle to the market-place, where wait the town hansoms, and is driving—a schoolboy no more—to the station. The Head is sorry to lose him; his house-master speaks words of more or less sage advice and of undoubted kindness, and ends up with "Good-bye, Jones, and good luck. I'm more than sorry you are going. There's always a bed in the House when you come and look us up from Oxford." But when he goes to say farewell to his form-master, beloved man, he wellnigh breaks down, and only saves himself by flight. Not till that moment does he realize how much he owes to this one usher. "If it had not been for him," he thinks, "I should really know precious little more now than when I came here from my private school." But, Johnny, it is not what he has taught you that matters: it is that he has taught you to interest yourself in learning, has made you feel that books are not necessarily a boy's enemies, but may even be his very good friends.

It is sometimes said in defence of the public schools that they develop character, even if their system of teaching

is deficient. It would be truer to say that they attempt to shape their boys' characters in one common mould; and you cannot be said to "develop" a jelly when you pour it into a tin. All you do is to make it take on a certain appearance, which in hot weather frequently alters considerably by the time it is put upon the table.

There is nothing more strange than the way in which lads of nineteen alter, when they find themselves in the larger environment of the university. The shy unregarded "scug," or "swot," or "sap," or whatever name the jargon of his particular school has given him, blossoms out in a term or two into an important person, a shining light at the Union perhaps, or an amusing good fellow, who is welcomed in the rooms of all the most distinguished folk in the college. He develops traits previously unsuspected even by himself, and in a year's time is a totally different being from the despised schoolboy. In a less repressing atmosphere he has begun to find his true self.

A man will always remain more or less what his 'Varsity friends believed him to be; but if you meet some one whom you last knew as a schoolboy, ten or fifteen years ago, you will probably be immensely astonished that he is what he is: he will seem to be another being, and you will vainly search for some connecting link between him and the boy you once imagined you knew so well. This is not as it should be.

The public schools develop characteristics and suppress character. A public-school boy has certain characteristics of appearance, of speech, of manner often, of thought less frequently, which distinguish him from those who have never lived under those historic roofs. Kipling, most shrewd observer, talks of "the public-school mask" on a boy's face; and of course no one, least of all a boy at an impressionable age, can live for several years under a cer-

tain code of manners and conduct without bearing marks of their sojourn upon him. But the mask is a thin one; a veneer, a deception even. The boys' bodies are healthy and well looked after; *they*, could you see them, would be the best argument for a public-school upbringing; the bodies are splendid, the minds—there are none. There is a mask, and if you get behind the mask you find a great emptiness; it is a mask which conceals a despite of learning, an unwillingness to know, a charnel-house of still-born intellect; a mask whose features have been formed by never-ending all-important games—by dull masters, who drone through the weary hours, making vain repetitions of thrice-worn texts—by a senseless system of teaching invented by monks, blessed by priests, and consecrated by pedagogues.

Small wonder that a lad often changes when he leaves school. He suddenly discovers that he has a mind; that cricket is not absolutely everything, and his intellect awakens and alters his whole being. He discovers, too, that it is not necessarily an opprobrious action to differ from his fellows, even in the matter of brown boots; that he need not suffer in order to have his own opinions about things; that within reasonable limits he may lead his own life in his own way.

Now Johnny, as we have seen, had the luck to sit under that rare being, a clever man with an original mind. He went up to Oxford, to a good but not an extravagant college, and so far as his work went found himself back more or less where he had been in the Upper Fifth. He elected to take Honors Moderations (Classical), an examination expressly devised for the purpose of testing an undergraduate's "scholarship,"—with some utterly puerile Logic thrown in, so a Don informed him, "as a mental gymnastic." Many crimes are concealed under the term

"mental gymnastics." I am not sure that the error contained in the expression is not the fundamental one, which will have to be uprooted if the schools and the universities are to escape condemnation.

It is said that the mind is strengthened by a mechanical act of learning, on the analogy that the muscles of the body are strengthened by the use of dumb-bells. But just as the unscientific use of heavy dumb-bells is positively bad and dangerous, and far more likely to hurt and weaken than to make strong, so the over-loading of a boy's immature brain with heavy shapeless masses of Latin Grammar or Mathematics will be productive of nothing but harm. In the case of the body, the old gymnastics have been entirely given up: Swedish exercises, light Indian clubs, rubber pulleys, have taken the place of the shot-bag and 10-lb. bell. Gymnastics, in fact, have long been relegated to their proper function, a strictly subordinate one, and boys' bodies are developed by things they love—cricket, rowing, football, running, and the like,—pursuits in which, it is true, a certain amount of muscle is necessary. But it is far better that the muscle should be developed by actually running or rowing than by the use of dumb-bells in a gymnasium.

An intelligent Chinaman, on being told that many English lads spent six very critical years of their life in learning two dead languages, remarked that Latin and Greek must indeed have a noble literature if it were considered good to take so much trouble over teaching our boys to read them. He supposed, very naturally, as any intelligent being would suppose, that in six years a boy could learn to read a language with some ease; and that the only object of learning a dead language must be the study of its literature. Little did he know, little could he imagine, how those languages are

taught. Little did he know that scarcely one boy in a hundred, when he leaves a public school, is capable of making a decent translation of any unknown passage from a classical author—and as for reading a Latin or Greek author for pleasure! It is all mental gymnastics; and sometimes you find a boy, of the kind which wins a University scholarship, who is a mental Farnese Hercules; his brain is so twisted into huge knots and strands that it can hardly move. He will tell you every single thing there is to be known about the use of the middle or the second aorist, but has no more real intelligence or interest in life, or art, or literature, than a Surrey policeman. The gymnastics have strangled his intellect.

Such a boy is, of course, not too common; he is one of those who were clever, originally. The mediocre boy takes less harm, because he has less application, and the cascade of gender rhymes and syntax slides more or less harmlessly over his back. He soon learns that there is nothing to be gained by distinguishing himself in form; his work has no interest for him—he does the bare minimum, his brain is affected indeed, almost unto tears, with boredom, but an instinct of self-preservation forbids him from allowing it to be gymnasticised into a monstrous fungoid growth, dead to literature, dead to history, dead to politics, dead to all the intellectual life of two thousand centuries of civilization.

To go back to Johnny at Oxford. He took a Second in Honor Mods., and was well satisfied. He would not have got that if he had taken his tutor's advice, and prepared his set books without the help of a translation. He had worked quite hard for the examination, and like most undergraduates who are just through Moderations, determined to enjoy himself for a term or two before settling down to read again. But he was a conscientious lad, and the im-

ments and comprehensive character of the subjects he was required to get up for Greats frightened him into beginning a certain amount of reading, even during the summer term after Mods. The whole of Greek and Roman history; the whole of Greek and Roman literature; the whole of the structure of ancient, medieval, and modern philosophy,—here was a mountain of knowledge to be dug through.

He was sitting in his room overlooking the beautiful garden Quad one summer morning, when the brilliant idea occurred to him that the first thing to do if he wished seriously to tackle *Littéræ Humaniores*, was to learn the two languages in which the bulk of the subject-matter of that examination is written. During nearly eight years of education he had, he thought to himself, obtained a certain knowledge of their grammar; could translate a few plays, a few pieces of poetry, a chapter or two of history to which he had paid an especial attention; but he had no knowledge of the languages in the same way in which he knew French, no power to devote himself to what the author says, without perforce paying a minute attention to the words he uses in saying it. He had had a French governess for a year, just before he went to a private school; he could talk in that tongue quite fluently, and read an Erckmann-Chatrian or "*Les Trois Mousquetaires*" in the vernacular, with delight and comprehension.

Now he had two years and a half. Why not learn Latin by talking it? He grew quite hot at the brilliancy of his idea. But with whom could he converse? Men who know Latin well enough to talk it are as rare as Giant Sloths.

He explained his views to two other undergraduates, one of whom was a scholar of the college, and with some difficulty persuaded them to meet in

his rooms for an hour every morning—to talk Latin! Their occupation became known, and they were much laughed at; towards the end of the term, however, a certain famous Latin scholar, an old man whose name is known and revered even at Bonn and Heidelberg, knocked at their door one morning, said that he was much interested in their experiment, and would like to assist. Confused at first, they soon gladly assented; and to their vast astonishment discovered that in six weeks they had learnt to speak much more fluently than could the great man, for all his immense knowledge and erudition.

To cut a long tale short, by the time of their examination, two years later, they all three of them knew Latin and knew Greek,—could talk or read either language with reasonable ease. Johnny did not get a first—his philosophy and logic were weak; but he got a good second, and was quite pleased with himself. He had taken to rowing, and the excitement of Eights Week probably cost him his first. The other two, who played cricket, both got firsts, and one of them—the scholar—was the wonder and pride of his examiners. Johnny considered, probably with justice, that, taking one thing with another, his seat in the college boat, which had gone head of the river, was worth the difference between the second, and the first he so narrowly missed.

I heard a bishop remark the other day, "There is nothing the matter with the public schools and universities save their system of education."

Now, of course, some boys are not sent to school to be educated, but, after all, they are in the minority. To say that there is not much wrong with a school but its educational system is much the same thing as saying that there is not much wrong with a steam-engine except that the boiler is worn



out, or with a motor-car except that the wheels are broken.

A boy's brain is at least as important as his body, and as easily moulded by rational treatment. We have very little to learn nowadays about the most wholesome methods of physical training, and have probably come as near to perfection in the matter as is possible in an imperfect world. It is likely that there was never a period in the world's history in which the growing human body was studied and treated with so much knowledge and success. But the mind? We are still in the Dark Ages.

No one will deny to our public schools many and even great merits. In some boys, especially in those who remain at school long enough to wield power, they develop self-confidence, and a rudimentary growth of the faculty of controlling others. In all, they instil an obedience to the powers that be; a certain code of honor, which, curious and distorted in many ways, is still infinitely better than the lax habits of thought obtaining in a French Lycée; a reserve, a reticence, a respect—or is it dislike?—for the nakedness of one's own or another's soul, which is a cardinal and distinctive English virtue, making for happiness in family life as in the affairs of business and politics; again, a faculty of hero-worship often becoming strong and even passionate, which in after life may assume the form of devotion to a political chief, to a leader of thought, to an admiral or a general or a senior partner,—a faculty which is productive of some of the best work done in the England of to-day.

On the credit side, moreover, must be weighed the fact that the majority of boys are on the whole very happy at a public school. Now this is a vital thing, as no young creature can be developed properly if it is often or permanently unhappy. But at the same time there is always an unhappy mi-

nority; usually consisting of boys less muscular or robust than their fellows, with an instinctive but suppressed desire for beautiful things, music, pictures, or poetry—tastes which it need hardly be said are not provided for in the school curriculum. Such boys, bad at games, uninterested in their uninteresting lessons, retire into their own dismal little shells, and suffer in their whole character and career from the constricting forces which have affected them during their most precious years. They leave school with gladness, hating it; and no boy or girl ought to be allowed to hate anything. It is astonishing, but ever to be remembered of pedagogues, how easily the iron enters into a young soul.

For such boys as these, a more rational system of education means moral and intellectual salvation. The timid, thin-skinned boy, instead of eating his heart out in loneliness and isolation, browses with keen enjoyment on the fruits of the great classical authors. Cicero, sensibly taught, may save a soul.

Latin and Greek ought to be taught so that a boy on leaving school should feel ashamed if he cannot "read Homer with his feet on the mantelpiece." We have gone astray into an educational wilderness from whence at all costs we must now return. The dead bones must be made to live; the dead languages must be regarded simply as the keys to all the beauty and splendor of the literature of Greece and Rome; the study of grammar must be discarded, the young brain must be taught to accustom itself to considering not the construction but the meaning of language; the whole educational edifice must be pulled down and rebuilt, if we are to hold our own as an enlightened nation among the peoples of the world. In the days when no one was educated, the moral and physical training of the public school was enough to ensure the



pre-eminence of those classes of the community who sent their sons to such schools. The brain of Demos was as yet untroubled; no suspicion of the hand which more or less fed and clothed him had as yet stirred his soul. But, with education, suspicion came, and is growing. Nay, it is more contempt than suspicion by now. Ask a pupil-teacher in a Board School—that is to say, one of the pick of the educated poorer classes—what he thinks of Eton. You will get a scornful laugh; not because he despises Etonians—yet—but because it is common talk in the society in which he moves that a boy at Eton is taught nothing which will be of the slightest use to him thereafter, nothing which stimulates his mind, nothing of all that is necessary if he is rightfully and not by birth or favor to form one of a ruling caste.

It may be said, perhaps, that after all the public schools have supplied almost all the prominent statesmen of the past fifty years; possibly,—but not of the past five years. In the present Cabinet are many men who were never at a great school, and it must be understood that only during this twentieth century has the Board School begun seriously to compete with Eton, Winchester and the rest.

Now surely we are beholding the advance of a great peril to the nation. The intellectual, quick-brained man who owes his education to a county council is imbued with no sense of the value of discipline; or the ethics of true honor; he has never set the cause before him-

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self, or had his being steeped in *esprit de corps*. He has from his boyhood played for his own hand, and has seen his fellows scrambling, trampling, kicking one another down in their efforts to obtain each his individual goal. He will have learnt neither to rule nor to obey.

Signs are not wanting that politics are becoming a dirtier game than of yore. Politicians are more unscrupulous, the House of Commons begins to be a place where dishonorable tricks are applauded, and the end justifies any means. Of old, at least, it stood honorably by certain unwritten rules, and "slim" tricks were almost unknown.

The public schools have much to learn from the board schools, the board schools from the public schools. Efforts have been made sporadically to introduce into the village or urban school something of the patriotism, honor, and *camaraderie* of the public school, and at certain of the latter are found intelligent men who battle hopelessly against that rotten and vicious system of mind-killing so-called classical education. It is very necessary for the good of the State that their efforts meet with success. If we cannot do without Demos nowadays, still less can we do without honorable gentlemen in the conduct of our national affairs. Let us endeavor to imbue Demos with a higher moral code, and to persuade Patricius that an awakened brain is of equal importance with a well-developed body.

## THE AMATEUR ARTIST.

"They viewed the country with the eyes of persons accustomed to drawing, and decided on its capability of being formed into pictures with all the eager-

ness of real taste. A lecture on the picturesque followed, and he talked of foregrounds, distances and second distances, side screens and perspectives."

Mr. Tilney was the "he," and he was talking to Catherine Morland. How intelligent and interesting their conversation sounds! Does the young lady of today hear the like observations from her partners? Does she even know the exact meaning of "side screens" and "second distances" herself?

The period of Mr. Tilney is more than a hundred years ago, but it is bridged over for us; we can still meet with those who were the young ladies of the sixties and fifties, and who retained in some measure the Tilney tradition. We can still see their water-color sketches and, by looking at these products of the Victorian era, we become more conscious of the decay of amateur art in our own.

It is evident that in Mr. Tilney's eyes the choice of a suitable subject and the making of a picture, not a study, were the principal points of importance to the artist. This tradition continued for another fifty years or so; and if the amateurs of the later date did not set themselves to work with quite the same cold-blooded paraphernalia of second distances, side screens, and perspectives, still they looked for a subject that would make a picture. Ruins had an almost fatal attraction for them; rustic bridges, groups of forest trees with glimpses of historic mansions, rocky dells (happily not quite so frequent), lakes romantically surrounded by hills—such were the subjects that appealed to them. The chosen subjects of to-day are only too well known; the wide stretch of sea and sand, the solitary haystack, the marshland with the horizon lying very high up, and the bit of road leading from nowhere to nowhere.

From a recent study of an amateur exhibition I find that the attitude towards the picture which has a definitely composed subject is not only one of distaste but of strong moral condemnation, because a definitely composed

subject is not a humble and reverent study of nature. But to my mind the old-fashioned amateur water-color sketches showed in some respects a more genuine observation of nature than do those of the present day. In spite of their disregard of tone, these early water colors breathe a real sense of beauty, a feeling not only for a pleasing composition, but for harmonious coloring and delicate outline.

Harmonious! delicate! Did ever any one hear such words at a Government school of art? "Strong" and "bold" were the only complimentary adjectives I ever heard applied, and the more muddy the color and undefined the form, the "stronger" the picture appeared to become.

Sixty years ago, when the amateur studied art, she began by drawing outlines; later, these outlines were shaded in pencil; then followed studies in sepia; and finally she arrived at water-color painting. Oils were unsuitable for ladies; there was something professional, almost indecorous, about them. I cannot but feel that the early Victorians showed some of their usual good sense in this opinion.

In the Tilney period there was, I suppose, a traditional standard of elegance and taste; there was a conventional scheme of coloring which the amateur would naturally make use of; no violent coloring was seemly in water colors. Sixty years later you still painted the summer foliage in raw sienna and the grass in yellow ochre, feeling, I believe, as strong a conviction of the accuracy of your representation of nature, as do the students of our day with their unmitigated greens—a conviction, perhaps, not altogether unjustifiable.

We may say roughly that the difference between the old tradition of amateur art and our own is that the past generation aimed at representing beauty, we at representing truth. Need-

less to say we have none of us attained our ideal, but I think that the ideal they set before themselves was the more suitable one. They very frequently produced something that was pretty. I never can understand why people object to having their pictures called pretty, by which I mean beautiful in a rather limited and conventional sense. It is something definite to have attained even to prettiness, and not many of us get much further. We feel that after thirty years of art schools there should be many thousands of women who know and like what is pretty, or who, at any rate, know and dislike what is flagrantly hideous. How is it, then, that motor caps, the modern artistic photographs, electric light, the fancy department at the Army and Navy Stores (to name at random a few abuses), are still amongst our most popular institutions? It seems as if our art education had done but little to form taste. Have we had a really artistic and beautiful style of dress since the death of the last crinoline, or a really distinguished style of doing the hair since the days of the chignon? Have we made any protest against the growth of advertisements or the demolition of the remnants of beauty in the suburbs?

I have spoken in this paper of the student as "she," because the amateur artist is generally a woman, or perhaps, one might put it, because the women artists are generally amateurs. I have occasionally tried to find out what becomes of the innumerable figures in long pinafores that idle away their time so gaily for a few years in the schools of art. Do they generally become professional artists? No, the greater number of them drift into philanthropy, matrimony, or inactivity. Therefore, in considering the art education given to women, we must think of it generally as given to amateurs, and the amateur's art education is to

my mind fully as important as the professional's.

There is a tendency nowadays to look down on amateurs and to drive any one with a little talent into the ranks of unsuccessful professionals. We can imagine that if Jane Eyre had been showing her portfolio, with its curious collection of corpses, cormorants, and heads inclined on icebergs, in the year 1909, Mr. Rochester would have said, "Oh, but you ought to take it up professionally; you ought to go and study at a school of art," and we may guess that once at the school of art there would have been no more curious things to show; the masters would have been too puzzled. It took, indeed, much less to puzzle them. The subjects for the Sketch-Club had in my time to be almost exclusively taken from the Old Testament, out of consideration for their limitations. On one occasion *Sintram* was chosen; but the criticism was so ambiguous that it was found necessary to return to Abraham and Isaac.

The amateur should learn from her artistic education to find pleasure in natural beauty, in good pictures, and in architecture; she should, in fact, try and recover and transmit to her descendants the elegant tastes of Mr. Tilney. Does the education she receives at the schools of art help her to do this?

The student on first arriving has probably in her head the old-fashioned notion of an outline to be colored, but this is instantly dispelled; for in as far as the schools have any ruling principle it is that there are no lines anywhere, but only different masses of tone. She is plunged into difficulties of light and shade before her eye has had any training in proportion, and for months she is floundering about trying to acquire two terribly difficult ideas at the same time. Now, as most women are without a natural sense of form, she will probably emerge with some

understanding of tone, and none whatever of drawing. I was confronted at the beginning of my studies with a colossal mouth. Could anything be more unsuitable for the beginner than an object swelled beyond all proportion and taken out from its proper surroundings? After some studies in charcoal of chunks of the human frame, I was set to do charcoal heads from the antique. After all too few of these I was provided with stumps, and then came hours and hours and days and days of work upon one head, of finishing when one had scarcely knowledge enough to begin; and oh! how weary were the five hours at the studio for those whose irrepressible consciences forced them to work. The next stage was to stump the heads of models; the model came for a month, and we stumped his head for sixty hours. Then came drawing from the full-length model. Here all would have been interesting had we been allowed to vary the poses, but the models generally refused to do anything but sit classically or stand heroically with a pointer in the hand, and it was considered rather inhumane to ask them even for a back view. The final stage of the curriculum was of course oil painting from life. There was no attempt at differentiation of the pupils; we were all regarded in the light of embryo portrait painters. "But," said the amateur of fifty years ago—now an old lady with an interest in art—"do you want to paint portraits?" "No," said I; "I want to do landscapes." "But why don't they teach you that? When I was young we had a master who took us out to paint from nature."

It is true that one summer we did have some sketching lessons once a week, but they were not considered an important part of our art training, and we had the same harassed master with too many pupils and three minutes to bestow on each. At the first lesson

he selected my subject for me, after which I was considered to have received sufficient instruction on this most important point, and henceforth chose for myself, one lank fir-tree emerging from a shrubbery, a sand-pit covered with ragwort, and the like. I was told to put a few dots and dashes to "place my sketch," and then to fill my brush chock full of color and water, and put in what I saw "straight away." But it needs a very skilful water colorist to manipulate a large brush slopping over with wet paint; even if I had had an outline to go by, I should have streamed about all over it. As it was, I put in a general impression, which even to my inexperienced eye was quite unlike what I saw, covered up my paper somehow, and had finished.

Of course the idea of "putting in" your picture irrevocably right at the first moment is the proper ambition of every painter, but it is quite impossible for the beginner to attempt it, and attempting the impossible makes her perforce content with a lower standard than is necessary.

We remember in Miss Yonge's novels the heroine takes up her pencil to draw with loving hand the venerable tower of the cathedral. That was the day of the Gothic revival, and no heroine but could tell the differences of Decorated and Perpendicular at a glance. Students of our day do not learn about architecture; it might be the Chinese revival for all they know. A building is for them simply a mass of tone, and any detail would be "breaking up" and worrying the mass. We were never given any instruction in the history of art, the old masters might have been non-existent for all we heard of them.

The only really delightful and interesting part of the instruction was the design class once a week. It was not compulsory, and we chose our own subjects and worked at them as we liked. The general tendency in subjects in my

time was towards the *Pied Piper* or herds of swine throwing themselves into the sea.

It is always easier to find out the faults of a system than to suggest remedies. But it would be a real improvement, I think, to have more variety in the course; to make studies of flowers, of drapery, of architectural ornaments; to copy drawings of the old masters, to visit the National Gallery in the company of a master and be taught to study the style of different artists; to be made to pose the model, and to learn the composition of groups of figures by the posing of several students together.

But to my mind reform is most needed in the matter of the master's daily visit; the master whose pathetic and imperturbable politeness to all the students was a convincing proof of his lack of interest in any.

At the beginning of her career the student wants some one buzzing at her elbow every five minutes, as her drawing will continually be wrong, and she will have no knowledge of her own to enable her to correct it. In due course a power of self-criticism comes, and she should not need a master to tell her she has made one eye larger than the other; and, as she progresses, she wants more and more time to herself to work out her own style and her own ideas. But at whatever stage she is, the master appears with clockwork regularity to give her a lesson of two minutes. Would not half an hour once a week have been of far more value to her? She could then have shown him work that was really her own; she could have received the entirely individual attention which is felt to be essential in the teaching of the other arts. None of my school of art teachers made me feel that my progress was a thing of supreme importance to them, nor did they make me feel it was of supreme importance to myself. Yet surely the only really essential part of teaching is to fill the

student with an overmastering enthusiasm.

The student who has attained an average amount of proficiency at the beneficent institution blessed by our Government may, on leaving, be capable of doing a third-rate portrait under a master's eye. With this knowledge she begins to paint landscape from nature with no one to help her. The Victorian amateurs had, as I have said, tradition to help them; they worked with masters who had inherited certain styles of painting from the great landscape painters of former days. The students of to-day have no opportunity of knowing the favorite styles of our school of art masters, because they did not paint before the pupils, and they did not direct us to have any style. I am told that at the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts* at Paris a rigid conformity of style is insisted on and no individuality is encouraged in the student. It may be thought that this would result in a crushing of all originality; but real originality and character will always come out, and will be strengthened by the student having thoroughly mastered one style of technique.

I see in those old water colors the strong influence of Prout, de Windt, and the charming and much despised Birkett Foster. The towns of the amateur ladies have caught from Prout his romantic spirit; they might be towns of ballads and fairy tales; whereas in our modern sketches of streets one can only feel that if a motor-car came round the corner no one need be surprised. De Windt taught our predecessors the beauty of the heavy richness of August foliage; Birkett Foster, the delight of the multitudes of small leaves casting little spots of shadow on the ground. What a real joy the old artists had in the scenes they painted! I think it must be on that account that they seem so real. When I feel the peace of English vil-



lages or the luxuriance of summer leaves I am often reminded of these old water colors. I am never reminded of the modern ones even by nature in her ugliest moods.

Our modern amateurs would despise the idea of this or that subject being suitable for them; they do, indeed, "rush in where angels fear to tread." Who has not seen their representations of heather with purple hills in the distance—of June in all its greenness spread out under the most cobalt of skies? In composition they have had practically no training. If you are continually doing a life-size head on a certain sized canvas, all the composition you can get will be the moving of the head half an inch to one side or another. The art of composition, which consists in eliminating certain things from the landscape and adding others, is rejected by this generation as unworthy. Truth, not beauty, is their aim. Truth and beauty may be essentially one, but it would be rash to

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say that the truth of the modern amateurs has any connection with beauty. It is all very well for established artists like Brangwyn, or Sargent, or Augustus John to make as many experiments in ugliness as may seem good in their eyes, but I am speaking of the ordinary little people who will never be anything better than amateurs. Why should they be making their small efforts to be ugly too? I suppose it would not be well, even if it were possible, to return to the style and point of view of one hundred or even fifty years ago. Each generation must have its own way of looking at things, and we are told that ours has made some progress. Without, however, entirely imitating our forefathers, I wish we could become imbued with their sense of beauty. If our education would but give us that, I should feel that no more important work was being done in the country than teaching art to the amateur.

*A. M. Mayor.*

## THE BAIRN-KEEPER.

### IN THREE PARTS.

#### I.

"Yer ower wee," said Kate McLeod, contempt in both words and looks.

"Aye, I'm wee, but I'm that bauld and firm," said little Easie Dow, facing her would-be employer dauntlessly. She was indeed small for her thirteen years: she looked almost like a child of ten. Kate eyed her again, calculating whether any work worthy the name could be got out of such a tiny creature; yet the child's air and her words were impressive. She stood there bolt upright; thin arms like bits of stick held in to her sides, fingers clenched:

"I'm wee, but I'm that bauld and firm," she repeated.

At the distance they stood from each

other, Kate could not hear the frantic thumping of Easie's heart, which might have given the lie to these brave words. Kate herself was a mountainous woman, tall, bulky, big-boned, almost masculine in appearance. Her face looked as if it had been roughly hacked out of a bit of wood, her skin was like hide, and her hair like coarse black linen thread; her voice was loud and gruff—together an alarming personality.

They stood looking at each other, this woman and this child, for a full minute after these opening words had been spoken; then Kate added:

"It's no a sairvant I'm seekin', ye ken—jist a bairn-keeper."



"I'm fine wi' bairns," said Easie. "Hoo many's o' them?"

"Jist the ane," said Kate, a trifle hastily; then she added, "But there's an auld body, an' what are they but jist bairns?"

Easie nodded sagaciously. "Jist bairns," she agreed. Apparently neither the care of youth nor age had any terrors for Easie; she seemed to consider herself quite adequate to either task.

The interview was taking place at "the Huts," as they were called, a temporary cluster of shanties set up for the navvies who had been making a new line of railway in the neighborhood of Kate McLeod's home. Easie Dow had two or three times been sent to Leeks Farm with messages, and Kate, casting an eye upon the child, had thought to drive a bargain. She questioned her closely one day as to her belongings, and finding that Easie had now no relative in the world except the uncle who had grudgingly supported her for the last two years, Kate decided to see if she could be "got cheap." Easie it is true, was under age; but the school was going to be shut immediately—in about a month's time—for the summer holidays, and in the meantime "the Huts" were being taken down, as the line was completed and the navvies were to be moved on to another job. It would be generally supposed that Easie had moved on too.

Leeks was a lonely farm, four miles away from the school, at least; ten to one no one would hear anything about Easie being there—and a year soon passed. So Kate McLeod argued; and so she had placed the matter to Easie's uncle when she first spoke to him. The moral standard of navvies is not proverbially exalted. John Dow saw no reason at all why his niece shouldn't take a good situation when it was offered to her; she had been a burden on him long enough.

As for Easie, she was dying to begin to earn her own living. There burned in her little soul a bright flame of independence. Too long she had eaten the choking bread of charity; she yearned to join the great army of wage-earners.

No wonder then that she blew her own trumpet so boldly to Kate McLeod; no wonder that her heart thumped with the terror of rejection, that her small hands were clenched in determination to win this prize of her first situation!

"I maun get ye cheap, y're that wee," Kate persisted, trying after the traditional manner of the buyer to depreciate the article she was determined to obtain. But Easie was too good a woman of business to let this remark pass unchallenged.

"It's no the size ye pay for; it's the work I'll can dae," she said eagerly.

This seemed unanswerable. Kate ruminated for a minute or two longer, then made Easie a princely offer of "a shilling a week and her meat." It did not take long to clinch the bargain. A shilling a week and her meat! Easie's soul sang for joy; here was independence at last, and more than that. She did not know the words "social status," but she well knew the feeling of not possessing that mysterious quantity. As "a navy's bairn" from "the Huts" she had been well kept in her place at school, and made to feel by the other children, in some subtle way, that she was an outsider from their little world. Things would be altered now; she looked fully an inch taller when she felt herself a duly engaged bairn-keeper at a shilling a week and her meat; no one should look down upon her now. She rushed in to tell her news to the next-door neighbor, a kindly, untidy Irishwoman who had always been the recipient of her joys and sorrows.

"Eh, Peggy, I'm to be bairn-keeper to

a wife frae Leeks Fairm, an' I'm to get a shilling a week and my meat," she cried, bursting with pride.

"Faith thin, Aisy me dear, it'll be missin' ye we'll all be," cried Peggy. "And what will ye be knowin' about a wean?"

"I'll can learn," said Easie sturdily.

"The Saints preserve ye! there's a deal to learn!" said Peggy.

Surely never did bride pack up her wedding garments more gaily than Easie "sorted" her "bits of things" for the journey to Leeks Farm.

Of course, there was no question at all of a trunk. In the first place Easie did not possess one, and in the next place she would not have had anything to fill one with. But her poor little clothes must be carefully folded and tidily pinned together, for Easie had been brought up for the first eleven years of her short life by a careful mother, and her instincts were orderly.

Then the question arose—in what were her garments to be rolled up?—in a skirt or in her mother's Paisley shawl? The shawl was really almost too precious, Easie thought, yet it would make the tidier bundle. She stood by the side of the bed on which all her tiny possessions lay, and dubitated long, making an inventory of her goods.

Item: her Sunday frock, bought before her mother's death three years ago, made up ingeniously (by these clever motherly fingers) so as to admit of Easie's slight yearly growth. A tuck had been let down each year since, and next year Easie knew that she would need to add to the length of the skirt by that mystery of the dress-maker's art, a "false hem."

Item: a hat. Of the changes which this hat had undergone it would be difficult to write, for it would require a history all to itself.

Item: a bundle of undergarments.

Item: Easie's black leather bag. This was really the child's dearest possession. She had picked it up on the road once when on her way to the village. It was a fairly sized reticule of the cheaper sort, lined with red calico; but to Easie's eyes it was simply priceless. Honesty had made her hurry with it immediately to that representative of law and order, "the pollisman," who suggested that it must have been dropped off the coach which had long ago rumbled off on its way to Stirling. But the "pollis" was a human being. He saw the glint of longing in Easie's eyes when he took possession of the bag, and he remembered it. After a suitable time had elapsed, as the bag still remained unclaimed, the "pollis" appeared at "the Huts" one morning, and handed the bag into Easie's skinny, eager little hands. The joy of that day! She sat snapping and un-snapping the bright brass clip of the bag till it was a wonder that it did not break. What did it matter to Easie that she had nothing to put in it?—strong in faith, she carried her empty bag on her arm till Providence began to fill it for her.

"The gods give threads to the web begun." Easie went to the village shop one day bag in hand. She was a favorite with Mrs. Adams, the old woman who purveyed for the neighborhood.

"That's a grand bag ye have the day, Easie," she said. "It'll be to hold the messages."

"Deed no," said Easie, almost indignantly. "It's ower fine for messages; it's jist a bag."

Pressed as to its history, Easie gave this in detail, and it is not surprising that Mrs. Adams at once drew out that fascinating drawer in which she held reels of silk and cotton, fancy buttons and various odds and ends, and began to consider its contents.

"There's two-three pins and buttons here, Easie, that's not much asked for; maybe you'd like to be puttin' them in yer bag?"

Easie flushed with joy, yet drew back shyly from the counter.

"I canna be takin' yer pins, mistress," she faltered.

"They're just in my way here, ye see," said Mrs. Adams, picking out one or two of the more sun-faded reels. They were not exactly the most useful colors, but what did that matter? Bright blue faded into green, yellow turned white, white turned black with time—three pretty little reels—in they went to the bag.

"And here's a few buttons for the other pocket," said the good woman, placing a card of quite useless but ornamental metal buttons beside the reels.

It was wonderful after this how Easie's bag was stocked, "here a little and there a little," with the most heterogeneous medley of objects. It mattered not to her what the thing might be; in it went, with the invariable formula, "I'll maybe find a use for it." She never, of course, found a use for one-half of these strange oddments; that constituted part of their charm.

But this is a long, too long, digression from Easie's packing. Well, the Sunday dress, the hat, the bundle of undergarments, and the bag lay on the bed waiting to be packed somehow and conveyed to Leeks Farm. Easie decided that the Paisley shawl must enfold them. Then what rapture to produce from the bag a huge, rusty safety-pin (found some months ago, like the bag, on the road), and with it to secure the ends of the bundle after everything had been folded up inside the shawl!

It had been arranged that McCallum the baker should be asked to give Easie and her bundle "a lift" on the way to Leeks. McCallum was a jovial, kindly

man, and knew Easie well; he came round twice a week in his cart to dispense bread to "the Huts," and what more natural than that he should drive her to Leeks? John Dow had boldly asked this favor of him, adding that Easie was to be bairn-keeper at the farm.

"Bairn-keeper? She's but a bairn hersel'!" said the baker.

"She's fourteen year auld," said Dow stolidly. He was not going to stick at a lie or two.

"Fourteen, is she? She's gey wee for that," said McCallum, a little incredulously, whistling to himself as he arranged the loaves on his tray.

"Weel, that's her age, an' time she was earnin'," Dow retorted.

"A' richt, ma man; I'll gie her a cast ower tae Leeks," said McCallum; but he drew his own conclusions about the matter.

So it came about that on this Friday afternoon, when her packing was all done, Easie sat down to wait for the arrival of McCallum and his cart. And suddenly, in this period of inaction, apprehensions began to crowd into her mind. Though she had called herself "bold and firm," Easie was in reality very timid by nature, and now that the excitements of packing were over, a terror of the unknown seized upon her. "The Huts" had not been much of a home, it is true, but at least she had not been among strangers here. Now she was leaving her uncle, the only relative she had in the world, leaving the friendly Peggy Donovan next door, leaving everything that was familiar, and going out alone into the world. She had bid a very unemotional good-bye to her uncle before he went off to work in the morning; now the time had arrived to say her farewells to Peggy. When the baker's cart came in sight, Easie looked into Peggy's disorderly kitchen and announced that the hour of her departure had come. "I'm awa'.

Peggy," she cried, with a great show of briskness and courage.

Peggy was washing, because it was the wrong hour of the day (she always did things at wrong hours), but she drew her soapy hands out of the tub and flew to the door, calling down blessings from half the saints in the calendar on Easie's head. She was a kindly woman, and there was something in the sight of Easie's forlorn little flitting that might have touched a heart of stone. Just the child, standing alone there by the roadside with her bundle, no one looking after her, no one launching her on this her first voyage upon the sea of life. Tears rose to Peggy's eyes, and she gave Easie a smacking kiss and an almost painful thump on the back to show her goodwill. "Good luck to you, Aisy me dear, an' long life and happiness," she said.

McCallum, too, was touched by the sight.

"Is that a' yer things, lassie?" he asked, as he hoisted the bundle into the cart.

"Aye, that's a'," said Easie, in a choking voice. All her courage had disappeared, and she was sobbing openly now. There seemed to be nothing more to be said or done, so McCallum bade her climb up into the cart and off they went. The vehicle was a high spring cart of the usual sort, with a board across it on which the driver sat; the stout black horse trotted briskly along, and from under the tarpaulin cover at the back of the cart there crept up a delicious smell of new bread. At any other time this drive would have been an ecstasy to Easie, and even now she had a feeling that she was wasting something very delightful; yet cry she must—it was impossible not to. McCallum took no notice of her tears for some time, but spoke a great deal to the horse, and finally, as they began to ascend a long

hill, he asked Easie if it would be possible for her to hold the reins while he looked over his account book.

"Aye," said Easie, with a sob.

"No' ower tight, then; jist let him ken y're there," said McCallum, surrendering the reins into her small hands.

He got out his book and a pencil and seemed very busy for a little; the horse went steadily onwards, and Easie held the reins proudly. By the time they reached the top of the hill she was equal to a remark, and soon found herself munching a "cookie" which McCallum had produced from his basket.

"I'm tae be bairn-keeper at Leeks," she volunteered.

"Aye, there's a pair, mitheriven bairn there," said MacCallum.

"An' there's an auld body there too that I'm tae mind," Easie pursued.

"Aye is there; auld and blind tae."

"Blind is she?—it maun be awfu' tae be blind!" Easie exclaimed. Curiosity then made McCallum ask Easie what her age might be? It seemed a simple question, and she answered without the slightest hesitation:

"Thirteen, come the second of July."

McCallum whistled and flicked at the horse with the whip. "Ye'll hae passed the sixth standard at the school then?" he queried.

"Na," said Easie, "I'm gey far back. Ye see, I've been moved aboot sae muckle frae the ae school tae the ither these three years back."

"Aweel, schoolin's a fine thing," said McCallum. The subject seemed to be much in his mind; but Easie was exercised quite otherwise.

"The mistress at Leeks was unco big and stoot," she said timidly. "I'm feared she'll be ill tae dae wi', Mr. McCallum."

"You jist be doin' yer ain work, Easie and never heed her," he advised.

"I'm a wee thing feared," Easie said.

"You'll get on fine, nae doot," McCal-

him assured her. "Ye'll feel strange a wee at the first; but I'll be roond come Monday, and Alex Ferguson the flesher is on the road on the Tuesdays: it's no as if ye wouldna see some kent faces."

He broke off his attempted consolations and glanced at the child; her tears were falling again.

"Hoots, Easie, it'll no dae tae greet that gait; wait till ye have the bairn and the auld body tae mind, that'll help ye."

At this point Leeks came in sight, a little square, grim-looking stone-built farm by the roadside. The byres stood to the back, and at one side of the house was a great midden grown round with nettles and dockens. A few twisted plum-trees and some cabbages represented the garden. At the other side, a little burn ran down into a spout; but the soil around it was pushed into ill-smelling mud by the ducks that were always dabbling about there, and feathers floated in the pool below the spout. Leeks was a dreary, God-forsaken-looking place altogether.

"Here ye are, Easie," said McCallum, and Easie, with a tremendous effort at self-control, gulped down her tears and prepared to descend from the cart.

A dog ran out barking at the sound of wheels, and then Kate McLeod herself appeared. She stood by the cart and spoke with McCallum about some loaves before she welcomed Easie—if that word could be applied to the curt sentence:

"Come in by."

The Leeks kitchen was as forlorn as the outside of the house. A big, stone-floored room, lamentably dirty and smelling indescribably of boiled cabbage, braxy mutton, dogs, and byre. The only pleasant object in the room was the wide old chimney where a wood fire burned. At one side of the fire sat "Grannie," the "old body," while at the other side a wooden cradle

was placed, containing the bairn—the future object of Easie's care. Such a Grannie—such a bairn!—it would have been difficult to say which looked the older of the two. Grannie was only eighty; but the bairn seemed to wear the burden of centuries on its little wrinkled face; it was astonishing that a thing so young could look so old. It lay in the dirty cradle keeping up a constant low, whingeing cry.

"Wheesht, ye limmer that ye are!" said Kate McLeod, in her gruff voice, giving the cradle a push with her foot that set it rocking too violently. The child cried more loudly, and old Grannie by the fire piped out to know what ailed the bairn?

"Hoots, she's jist a fair torment," said Kate.

"I whiles think if I had her here on my knee—" the old woman began; but Kate interrupted her with a coarse laugh.

"Na, na, Grannie, it's ower lang sin' ye've had a wean—and wha wad be lookin' aifter the twa o' ye tae see ye didna let her fa'? But here's Easie Dow that's tae mind the bairn." She pushed Easie forward to the old woman's chair as she spoke.

"I'm tae mind the bairn, and maybe I can help you tae, mem," said Easie, anxious to mind her manners. But Kate burst into her rough laugh again at this ceremonious style of address.

"Hoots, it's jist 'Grannie' she gets frae us a'," she said.

The old blind woman put out her hand and felt for Easie.

"She's gey wee," she said. "Will she can lift the bairn, Kate?"

"Weel, if she canna lift her, she maun gang," said Kate, with much finality. Easie's heart stood still for a moment, then she drew all her forces of mind and body together for the struggle.

"I'm fine at liftin'," she said. "See here." And with that she bent over



the cradle and grappled with the baby. Now, as everyone knows, lifting is much more a question of science than of actual muscle. Easie really had quite strength enough to lift the poor mitheriven child comfortably if she had known exactly how to do it; but then she did not, and to add to her difficulties she was nervous and dreaded failure. The baby seemed to be made of lead. For one moment she thought she could not manage to lift it at all; the next minute, swaying, it is true, under her burden, she got the child out of the cradle and carried it across the room. A thousand terrors leapt into her mind in that short journey across the uneven floor of the Leeks kitchen. What if her arms were not strong enough, and she let the baby fall? What if it jumped out of her unsteady, unskilful grip? What if she stumbled and fell? It was an awful moment as she stood there before the fire, swaying under the burden she carried, panting, flushed, trembling, but clutching the baby like a vice.

"Aye, she can lift her," said Kate. "Weel, I maun be off til the byres. See you tae the bairn, Easie, and tae Grannie or I come back."

Thus suddenly the bairn-keeper was plunged, so to speak, up to the neck in her new duties. A feeling of perfect despair came over her, for the baby was screaming now, and making strange jerking movements in her arms. She did not know what to do to quiet it, and there was no one to appeal to save the helpless old blind woman propped up there in the chimney corner.

"Would ye haud the bairn on yer knee a minit, Grannie, till I sort the cradle?" she asked timidly.

"Aye, my lassie; I like fine tae haud a bairn again; but Kate, my good-dochter—"

She paused, turning her head in a listening attitude for a moment.

"The mistress isna here," said Easie, drawing nearer; and the old woman went on:

"My good-dochter canna be fashed wi' an auld helpless body like me, and she says gin I tak' the bairn it's mair fash tae look alfter baith o' us."

Easie deposited the child on Grannie's knee, and drew up a stool beside her; she thought she discerned a helper.

"I'm willin' tae dae my best," she said, "but I've nae skill wi' bairns, an' they're gey ill tae lift, I see. Maybe you could teach me hoo it's done?"

"Seeven sons I had," the old woman began, in a strange, chanting voice—"Seeven sons—an' they're a' in their graves but William—Kate's man, that is. Aye, I ken weel aboot bairns, lassie—an' I ken this ane's ower wee, an' it's aye greet-greeting' a' the day."

She stopped again, with the same frightened, anxious look behind her.

"Is't no' weel?" Easie asked.

The old woman leant forward in her chair till her shrivelled lips nearly touched Easie's ear.

"It's no' cared for, lassie," she whispered.

Glancing at the tiny, gray, wrinkled face of the baby, Easie understood the situation all of a sudden; the baby was ill-treated. A wave of pity swept over her; she felt as bold as a lion.

"I'll care for't," she cried. Then she addressed herself afresh to the practical question of how to learn to lift her charge. Bending down, she gave another clumsy grab at the child, which made it begin to scream afresh.

"Eh, she's awfu' tae lift!" Easie cried. "And what'll the mistress say, tae hear the bairn cryin' this gait?"

"She'll no hear, and she'll no heed," said Grannie. She was sitting forward in her chair, balancing the baby on her knee with all the skill of a practised hand. Her old heart warmed in

this exercise of a long-neglected art.

"See, lassie, tak' her up firm like under the oxters. Dinna be feared o' the bairn," she directed.

Easie made a desperate lunge at the baby, got it into her arms, and began, under Grannie's direction again, to pace up and down, rocking it gently. Half-an-hour of conflict followed. Easie felt that now or never she must learn to hold the bairn—yes, if she died in the attempt; yet she could not manage to hold it comfortably.

"Get a bit shawl, lassie, an' pit it roond yer shouter, an' pit the bairn intill't," grannie suggested. "Hae ye a bit shawl onywhere?"

"Aye," said Easie, "I've a fine shawl oot by."

"Gie me the bairn, an' gang for't then," Grannie commanded.

Depositing the bairn on the old woman's knee, Easie ran out to the door where her bundle still lay. There, kneeling on the floor, she unpinning the big safety-pin and got out her precious Paisley shawl. Far too good she knew it was for such a purpose, but she was desperate.

"Here, Grannie—here's the shawl. I ken fine what ye mean. I've seen the tinkler wives carry their bairns that way," she cried.

"Aye, it taks the weicht aff the airms," said Grannie. "Pit it roond ye—aye, like you—aye, that's the way o't. Noo' tak' the bairn."

Again more easily said than done, but at last it was accomplished. Grannie was by this time almost as much excited as her pupil, but together they got the shawl arranged and the baby laid into its right position. Then Easie began to strut up and down the kitchen as proudly as a peacock. Gradually the crying died down, the little creased face relaxed.

"Losh, Grannie! she's asleep," Easie whispered, delight—almost ecstasy—in her voice.

"Lay her doon in the cradle then," said Grannie.

This difficult feat Easie accomplished by kneeling down very cautiously till she got on to a level with the cradle—then ever so gently unfastening the shawl and somehow or other slipping the baby in between the blankets. Oh, the relief of that moment! But it was the moment chosen by Mrs. McLeod to re-enter the kitchen.

Easie, who was brooding ecstatically over the sleeping child, sprang to her feet at the noise of the opening door.

"Mind, mistress, the bairn's sleepin'!" she exclaimed, raising her hand with a warning gesture.

"And what o' that?" Kate inquired, tramping across the floor noisily, to swing the great kettle off the chain it hung on, with one twist of her powerful red hand.

"It was gey hard tae get her ower," Easie explained.

"Aye, she's a bad sleeper: she's aye greetin'—that's the way I wantit a bairn-keeper—I canna dae wantin' my sleep."

A pleasant prospect this for poor Easie, but enthusiasm for her new calling sustained her—enthusiasm and something else she was unaware of herself, could not have named—that rose up suddenly in her heart as she looked from the piteous old-young face of the baby to the hard unmotherly face of the woman who stood beside it. In certain natures the instinct of helpfulness is born instantaneously out of the emotion of pity; with them to see distress is to try to relieve it. Easie was too young to understand the emotion that influenced her or to form any resolutions of helpfulness; but in the depths of her nature something stirred, and she responded blindly and unquestioningly to it.

"Come up the stair," said Kate brusquely. "And whaur's yer claes?"

"They're oot by," said Easie.

She stepped to the door and gathered up all her belongings as well as she could in her arms. Kate seemed to find no fault with this rather curious proceeding, as a more orderly housewife might have done. She preceded Easie up the little wooden staircase that shook under her heavy tread, flung open the door of a tiny room lit by a skylight, and informed Elsie that these were her quarters.

"An' ye'll hae the bairn wi' ye; whiles she screams awfu'. Grannie'll need a hand up the stair tae; she's that stiff noo an' blind she's a body's work tae mind—and me wi' seeven kye tae milk an' the hens an' ducks an' a'."

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She paused, breathless.

"Aweel," she pursued, as Easie made no reply, "the maister'll be in for his bite the noo, and ye'll can hae some parritch." She turned away, slammed the ill-fitting door behind her, and went downstairs again, leaving Easie alone.

There was no chest of drawers in the room, so Easie began to pile all her little garments in a corner. The Sunday dress and hat were hung upon a peg, the bag upon a nail at the back of the door.

Then, all things being done, the little bairn-keeper sat down on the edge of her bed and wept.

*Jane H. Findlater.*

*(To be continued.)*

## SKETCHES OF PERSIA IN TRANSITION.

### THE WAGES OF SIN.

Begging is a popular profession in Persia. Persians learn it young, and one's progress through the narrow streets of Tabriz is everlastingly incommoded by the persistent demands of infant opportunists. For some an occasional nickel and much hard language is sufficient; for others neither largesse nor abuse will suffice. With a third class it is possible to contract for peace. A two-kran piece (equal to fourteen pence) paid regularly once a-month will satisfy the demands upon your charity. In this latter class was Dowlati. Now I think that little Dowlati, while being the dirtiest, was certainly the prettiest, child I have seen. She may have been eight or nine. Perhaps even she was ten. But in spite of the grime which encrusted her, she was perfect of face and form. Imagine a small, graceful figure inadequately shrouded in a faded blue cloth,—a cloth that was skirt, vest, and head-cover in one, and that was so tattered and patched that the fulness of a velvet

skin, white as a Saxon's, showed through it everywhere. Imagine, peeping through this shift, a little oval face of perfect symmetry; cheeks like ripe peaches; a pair of black, lustrous eyes, shaded with inch-black lashes; a tangle of matted hair; a sweet, red mouth,—and you see Dowlati, the beggar maid, with whom I compounded for a silver two-kran piece a-month. But my contract did not obliterate the child. I saw her daily. While she honestly refrained from pestering me, yet she looked at me so wistfully, and plied the silent graces of her sex so subtly, that I, being astonished at the natural coquetry of one so young and untamed, often fell a victim to her silent pleading.

Then for a week I missed Dowlati. All her compeers were there in the small bazaar, but there was no Dowlati. Could she have fallen a victim to some stray bullet during the street-fighting? Had her guardians, if she had any, perceived her beauty and budding womanhood, and hastily with-

drawn her from the public gaze, to languish behind the thick veil that standardizes a woman's virtue in Persia? None could tell me. What was one beggar maid more or less in the streets of Tabriz?

On Sunday the third instalment of her contract payment was due. As I left my gate, there in the sun, leaning against the bright buff wall, stood Dowlati. The same smiling, unvelled, ill-clad, modest Dowlati. Where had she been? Dowlati was adventurous. Her trade suffered from over-production in the town. She had "pegged out a new claim" by the small tent town that had sprung up about the Royalist camp outside Tabriz. She had just come in that I might fulfil my contract. She took the rough-struck coin, beamed on me, and disappeared. Poor little atom, I was never to see her smile again.

Hassan Ali shrugged his shoulders. "There is no knowing what will happen to her out in the Shah's camp. This is Persia, and Karadagh horse-men respect not even children of tender age. But what does one beggar-maid more or less matter! It is from their ranks that we recruit all that you in the West call infamous. She is not too young; this is Persia. Yes!"

"They have caught a spy. Yes!" Hassan Ali sat down in his chair with all that awkwardness which people accustomed to sit on their heels usually exhibit in European surroundings.

"What will they do to him?"

"Spies do not live long at these times. It was one of these beggars. Yes! She was carrying messages regularly between the Royalists under protection in the Russian Consulate and the Mujtehids in Devachi. Yes!"

"Poor thing!" I mused, and gave the matter no further thought until the evening. Then I happened to pass the Maragha Gate. A crowd was collected,

and two Americans with cameras had climbed an adjacent wall and were trying to make the most of the falling light. My *gulam*,<sup>1</sup> a sturdy fellow, pushed a lane for me that I might pass the Gate. What a gruesome sight met my eyes! Suspended, head downwards, from the coping of the arch was a naked female figure. A strip of old blue cloth passed about the legs, but rendered the attempt at decency indecent. I will not harrow your feelings further. As I gazed upon the distorted features I realized that Dowlati's contract with me had been terminated. Never again should I see this beautiful child shrinking shyly against the mud wall that faced my gate. A spy! So young and so beautiful, and, let us hope, so innocent. But this is Persia. What does a beggar-girl more or less matter!

#### THE OPINIONS OF RAHMAT KHAN, DUFFADAR.

If the balance of Rahmat Khan's intelligence had been equal to his other soldierly qualities he would have been a Risaldar major at least. As it was, in spite of the fact that he had received the Order of Merit for saving the life of a British officer in the Bara valley, he was only a Lance-Duffadar, with over fifteen years' service, drawing 70 rupees a-month, in the Consular Guard at Tabriz. He did not know even why he had volunteered to come to far-off Persia for three years. It may have been in the vague hope that the land of Iran promised the fighting which was his heart's desire. Or possibly, red-blooded Pathan that he was, he had so entangled himself in village love-affairs that distance and time alone rendered existence possible. Or it may have been the handsome monthly increment that attracted him. Whatever the motive of his presence in

<sup>1</sup> *Gulam*, servant. In Persian towns Europeans are usually piloted through the bazaars by liveried servants.

Tabriz, this fearless swashbuckler maintained to the full both the credit of his race and the honor of the service which had trained him. He kept the consular escort just as smartly turned out as they would have been if there had been an adjutant or orderly officer to set the standard. He himself, when he walked abroad, played the part of the Indian gentleman of the fighting class. The fit of his frock-coat of French gray was perfect. His flowered waistcoat was as tasteful as his pink muslin *lungi*.<sup>2</sup> His gold watch-chain, his patent-leather shoes, and his embossed walking-stick were all in keeping with the correct fashion of his class. Is it to be wondered that even the veiled beauties of Tabriz could not resist him, a Mohammedan like unto themselves? And Rahmat Khan being a Pathan, is it to be wondered that he did not fail to encourage the admiration of the veiled beauties? Besides, Rahmat Khan knew something of the tricks and opportunities that the veil of pudicity invited.

This was Rahmat Khan's first and only trouble in Tabriz. But it was a recurring trouble, and the intervals were astonishingly short. On the first occasion which ended in discovery, the local immaculates thought themselves to inflict summary punishment. But they mistook Rahmat Khan, and he laid about him so lustily with his silver-embossed stick that outraged husband and brothers had more than moral damage to deplore. On the next occasion, therefore, they steered a more subtle course. They came to the Consul-General and complained. They said that of course if he had been an Infidel they would have killed him like a dog in the street; but being a Believer, though a Sunni and poor Believer at that, there was some virtue attaching to his *Haison*, and they, therefore, lodged a complaint. The Consul-

<sup>2</sup> Head-cloth.

General was furious. He upbraided the Duffadar in voluble Persian, of which Rahmat Khan understood one word in ten. In the matter of temperament there is little between the Pathan and the Irishman. Rahmat Khan took his punishment like a man. He was humble in his contrition and charming in his simple assent to the iniquities which were fastened to his name. But he took it back out of the unfortunate husband within twenty-four hours, and then naively told the Consul-General that any husband who could not guarantee the chastity of his wife deserved no better treatment than he had meted out in this particular instance. Which, be it said, is true, even if it be dissolute logic.

But it is not with Rahmat Khan's peccadilloes that I am concerned. This I will say, judged by Pathan standards, all his faults were manly. He hailed my arrival in Tabriz with delight. I at least knew his language and his kind, and whenever he was off duty he came to pay me a visit. He was prepared to do anything for me, from cleaning my boots to cooking my dinner, if I had so desired. Nothing would have been too menial for him in the interests of a Sahib who knew at least what was due to a manly Indian gentleman of his type. Every British officer in the Indian Army who is worthy of his commission will know what I mean. If the Bengalis were only native gentlemen, as are the Pathans, we should rule them with silken threads, instead of with the rod of iron they have now bidden us to forge.

Rahmat Khan thirsted for information. At my request he sat on his heels in my verandah, and pretended that he liked the brew of English tea which my servant had handed to him.

"Sahib," he said, "why do we not fight with the Russians?"

"We have no reason, Duffadar!"



Rahmat Khan was silent for a minute. He was deep in thought. Then he returned to his subject.

"Sahib, in my country it is base to be thought a coward. Now, if any one was to say to me that I was afraid of any man, I would take trouble to prove him a liar!"

"How would you do that, Duffadar?"

Rahmat Khan smiled. He has a delightful smile.

"There are many ways, sahib. I might pull his beard and spit in his face; I might steal his cattle, or"—and here the smile broadened to a grin—"I might have dalliance with his women-folk."

"By which you mean, Duffadar, that you would push a quarrel, no matter the means!"

Rahmat Khan nodded, his eyes glistening at the bare thought of such an opportunity.

"Well, what has all this to do with Russia?" I asked.

"Sahib, it is the same thing. Ever since I was a recruit it has been said in India that the *Sirkar*<sup>3</sup> was afraid of the Russians. Afraid that Russia would seize India!"

"But that was bazaar-talk. Not straight talk, Duffadar!"

Rahmat Khan shook his head.

"Sahib, we in India are not fools. We see all the railways being built to the passes; we see all the cantonments grouped round the frontiers; we read the native papers. If these preparations are not because the *Sirkar* is afraid of the Russians, then why are they made? Are the Afridis, the Pathans of Yagistan, the Afghans even of such import? We know them. They are little people. Troublesome little people, perhaps, but nevertheless little people. The *Sirkar* does not prepare for them!"

I smiled at the man's logic, and

<sup>3</sup> Government.

thought of his answer to the Consul-General. How could I explain the theory of international protection by preparation to this war-dog whose ultimate conception was the rifle and the knife.

"Duffadar, we only thatch our dwelling against the rains!"

"Sahib, men thatch their houses once in ten years. They do not pile on the grass at all seasons. Talk not of thatch. The *Sirkar* is like a man that has made unto himself a very beautiful coat. But he is afraid to wear it lest he should stir the jealousies of the young bloods in the bazaar. He locks up his elegant coat in a chest. Why? Because he is timorous. People will hear of the coat, because the tailor who made it will talk; the wife that admired it will speak of it to her neighbor; the servants who folded it will boast of its magnificence. But the young bloods will not believe that it exists, and will refer to it as a myth in their ribald jests."

"But we have no need to hide the coat now, Duffadar; the Russians have been drubbed white by the Japanese."

Rahmat Khan shook his head sorrowfully.

"Sahib, that has not helped you. Do you not realize that you have lent the precious coat to another. He has paraded the bazaar in it, and chastized the jealous popinjays who would have torn it from his back. Your credit has passed to the wearer. Smaller men than the popinjays now join them in snapping their fingers in your face. If you had worn the coat there would have been no Bengal trouble in India now. Do you not see that the small people are now saying openly, 'If Abdul, who was but a dish-licker, can be so well-dressed with impunity, why should not we also employ the same tailor?'"

I whistled. "Is that, then, what is thought in India?"

"It is what is written to me from my home every week, Sahib!"

"But why have you brought it up against me now, Duffadar?"

"It is because since I came to Tabriz I have seen the Russian soldier, and I know!"

We were getting down to the bed-rock now.

"You don't think much of them?"

"Sahib, if the Cossack-logs we see here at the Russian Consulate are a good sample of the Russian soldier, then you certainly were wicked not to wear your best coat yourself!"

"Are they as bad as that?"

"They are but a little better than the Persian soldiers, and, God knows, they are bad enough! What can you expect from soldiers who have but one suit of clothes, a pice a-day pay, and live in holes like animals?"

"But even then they may fight well. Even some animals fight well, Duffadar?"

Rahmat Khan's lips curled with contempt. "Fight, Sahib? Fighting is a matter of *bandobast*.<sup>4</sup> The animal will fight, it is true, but the Sahib that has *bandobast* will shoot him at a thousand yards. I have seen these Cossacks, on parade, in their holes of barracks, in the bazaars. Why, the Pathan troop of my Risala would eat up a whole regiment of them. Such as these will not take India!"

"But why should they want to take India? We are friends with the Russians now."

"At what a price, Sahib! You have prostituted your *rawab*<sup>5</sup> in Hindustan to be friendly with these savages. Why, these contemptible Persians are more clever than the *wakils*<sup>6</sup> of the *Sirkar*. They do not believe in the friendship of Russians. Do you not hear what they say in the bazaars?"

<sup>4</sup> Arrangement—i.e., science.

<sup>5</sup> *Rawab*, high character.

<sup>6</sup> Lit., lawyers, but means statesmen in this use.

"How can we trust the mouth of the man whose belly is a tangle of lies?" Sahib, why doesn't the *Sirkar* take this country?" With that adroitness which is common in natives of India, Rahmat Khan, having had his say on subsidiary lines, changed to the main issue that was troubling him.

"Why should we, Duffadar? Have we not our hands full already?"

"Sahib, it is a hungry country. It only wants good food and it would be soon strong and healthy."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, Sahib, this country is better than Hindustan. The land is more fertile, the people are less truculent and more hardworking. It only wants the English *Sirkar* to bring railways, canals, justice, and military instructors, and these Persians would not know their country."

I shook my head sorrowfully. Even this inconsequent hot-headed soldier was wiser than the hide-bound lawyers who shape the destinies of the British Empire.

"Rahmat Khan," I said, knowing bitterly enough, much more than his untutored perception could grasp, "this might have been, but the time is past."

"What, Sahib?" he said eagerly. "Is it here, too, that the fear of Russia turns the big Sahibs' heads?"

"No, Duffadar," I answered sorrowfully, and I hope truthfully, "we are not afraid of Russia; but there are not enough big Sahibs to go round,—we have in our greatness come to the end of them. Of necessity the affairs of the *Sirkar* fall into the hands of little Sahibs—sometimes very little Sahibs!"

Rahmat Khan pondered upon this for about a minute. Then he rose to his feet, and without further comment saluted and passed into the garden.

Perhaps his thoughts were not as bitter as my own.

## THE PASSING OF THE GEORGIANS.

The Tabrizli *fedai*<sup>7</sup> is a simple fellow. He draws his obsolete Berdan from store, loads himself with three or four cartridge-belts, and fights for national freedom at two krans<sup>8</sup> a-day. If by a little personal blackmail he can double this amount he counts himself lucky, and looks back without regret at the poor wage he earned in peaceful times as carter, bazaar porter, or assistant mechanic. Of course he can earn more—five or six krans a-day—if he joins the permanent garrison of the barricades. But as a rule he prefers to remain in the general reserve at the lesser remuneration. Barricades are apt to be dangerous places, and the old Berdan is cruel to the shoulder. Yes, it is far better that the barricades should be held by those who are fortunate enough to possess Russian Mausers! Day in and day out, he is a simple fellow. He wears no uniform but the daily garb of his race—a blue or brown frock-coat with pleated tails, baggy canvas trousers, and a little felt cap.

All said and done, the general reserve was found to be quite useless as a fighting arm. It was all very well for ceremonial purposes, when the Royalists sent emissaries to talk of peace. Also it served well to picket the courtyards of such citizens as did not readily respond to the Nationalists' Fund Committee: there were besides escorts, guards, and night patrols to be found, and barricades to be built. But although it had its uses, it was not to be depended upon to fight. It was clearly an inquisitorial force. Sattar Khan, military dictator of the revolutionary town of Tabriz, had no mistaken idea concerning the military value of the *fedais* in his general reserve, and he indented heavily upon the revolutionary element in the Caucasus

for his real fighting material. They knew something about the business. They had now been engaged in it for more than a generation, and in some districts there was hardly a man who had not killed his Russian sentry to possess himself of a modern military arm. Thus the strength of the Tabriz revolution lay in the Caucasian mercenaries. But though these men were expert riflemen, they knew nothing about artillery. It was artillerymen that the cause wanted. They had quite a battery of thirty-year-old Skoda breechloaders, lashings of ammunition, but not a soul who could lay a piece or set a fuse. Then it was that the Tabriz rebels opened communication with the Georgians.

It is not known to the writer what claim the Georgians had to be considered good artillery-men, but they were gay soldiers of fortune. They descended upon Tabriz like a whirlwind. Be it known that every Georgian claims to be a prince. Amongst them royal blood is still more common than in the veins of the Poles. Even the rebel leaders were abashed before this new reinforcement. There were six of them, and for ten days they had Tabriz at their feet. Fine fellows indeed! If fine feathers ever made a soldier, then these Georgian popinjays were veritable Rustums. They were dressed the part, from the crowns of their tall lambs'-wool hats to the silver-plated spurs on their polished butcher-boots. Four bandollers apiece, rifle, Caucasian knife, and pistol, they paraded the town with a military fierceness that eclipsed the determined front of even the 5-kran *fedais*. Who shall say what heart-flutterings they caused behind the long clinging veils of the Tabrizli maidens!

The writer watched them with interest. That they were gunners there was no doubt. They immediately took command of the citadel, and set to

<sup>7</sup> Armed revolutionary devotee.

<sup>8</sup> Fourteen pence.

work with energy. They would not deign to look at the old, but still serviceable, 9-centimetre breech-loading field-guns. They were gunners of another class,—complicated weapons with time-bursting shrapnel had no attractions for them; and they placed in battery half a dozen ancient muzzle-loaders and began a night bombardment of the nearest Royalist quarter. As a pyrotechnic display it was splendid. The writer's coign of vantage overlooked the *enceinte* of the citadel. If you can imagine the night-efluence of six small cannon firing black powder, the dark shadowy figures of the gunners, the warning shout of the fire-lieutenant as he applied his flaring petroleum torch to the touch-holes, you will see a picture of that fortress warfare for which our great-grandfathers were famous.

But the morrow brought a shade of disappointment. A crowd of weeping women waited upon Sattar Khan. They were in dire distress. They were Nationalists to the backbone. Their husbands and grown sons were all *fedais* in the general reserve—why had the citadel bombarded their houses all night? Horrible disclosure: the

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expert gunners from the Caucasus had been rolling their round-shot into the homes of their friends!

Then the Kurds attacked the rebel barricades. Sattar Khan suggested that the Georgians should justify their fine feathers. There is a chemist in Tabriz who is cunning in the manipulation of high explosives. He fills little terra-cotta jars with these explosives, and then, in his wisdom, entrusts the jars to others hands. No; to give the Georgians the credit they deserve, they were not cowards. They took the little earthen caskets, and carried them into the forefront of the battle. Now, when the writer was a boy, there was a little nursery-rhyme which always fascinated him. It was a simple little doggerel, and ran as follows—

Boy, gun:  
Gun bust:  
Boy dust.

This exactly describes the final exodus of the popinjay Georgians. One little Kurdish bullet hit a terra-cotta casket, and the Georgians, in all their finery, poor fellows, were "dust." Two were killed outright, and the remainder, even if they live, will be cripples for life.

## THE MAKERS OF "PUNCH."

By TOBY, M.P.

The first number of *Punch* appeared on 17th July 1841. Fifty years later I was privileged to sit at the table in the Ship Hotel, Greenwich, on which was spread the Jubilee Banquet. It was not strange, since Time is inexorable, but it was nevertheless sad, to reflect that of the band gathered round Mark Lemon on the birthday of *Punch* not one lived to see the revered Master's jubilee. The ravages of time are even more sharply marked by the fact that of the members of the *Punch* staff

who now meet at the weekly dinner only one formed part of the company when, twenty-four years ago, I joined the little band. This is Linley Sambourne, who seems to grow younger as the years revolve, and whose touch, as the weekly cartoon testifies, is as sure and as delicate as at any earlier period of his connection with the paper.

*Punch* started on the co-operative plan, its founders having more brains than money. Though Mark Lemon, corporeally and by length of associa-

tion, was popularly recognized as the first editor, there were actually three co-editors, the other two being Horace Mayhew and Sterling Coyne. Likewise, there were no less than five illustrated front pages before there dawned on the pleased public the one to-day familiar in every English household throughout the world. This, as every one knows, was drawn by Dicky Doyle, and made its first appearance in January 1849.

It is a tradition of the *Punch* table that Mark Lemon began his editorship on a salary of three hundred pounds a year, and finished it at a rate of one thousand five hundred pounds, a sum at the date regarded among journalists as what Sala, speaking of his own salary, described as the wages of an ambassador. In the first year of his career there came some anxious moments for Mr. Punch. The paper had a good start, and was going on fairly. Within two months affairs became critical. There was a more lavish supply of editors than of capital. The printer, who had to pay his men whatever befell, grew restless, finally declining to carry on. It was at this stage that the firm of Bradbury, Evans, and Co. came to the rescue, undertook the printing and publishing of *Punch*, and have been associated with its bounding good fortune ever since.

Shirley Brooks succeeded Mark Lemon in the editorial chair. Practically he had filled it for some time. Amongst other developments, he—having had experience of the Press Gallery of the House of Commons in the service of the *Morning Chronicle*—introduced a new feature in the "Essence of Parliament," written by himself. To him succeeded Tom Taylor. In 1880 Sir Francis Burnand, then plain Frank, was by acclaim nominated to the editorship, a position he filled with conspicuous advantage to the paper for a period exceeding a quarter of a century. Of the present *Punch* staff, all

the members, with the exception of Linley Sambourne, were called to the Table under his editorship.

Prominent among the Makers of *Punch* on the artistic side were Leech and Doyle. Each was in his way incomparable. When they withdrew from the Table—one carried off by the hand of death, the other retiring affronted by attacks upon the head of his religious faith—it seemed that the gaiety of subscribers to *Punch* was eclipsed. Leech and Doyle still stand apart, unapproachable in their especial line. But somehow or other—and this is one of the secrets of the prolonged success of the paper—one always comes along and fills the empty place. Truly there were giants in those days. When they passed away there came in succession Tenniel, Keene, Du Maurier, Linley Sambourne, Bernard Partridge and Raven Hill, who each in distinct manner maintained the renown of *Punch*. Leech and Doyle were before my time. With the rest in the brilliant list I have had the pleasure, extended over many years, of dining and working.

It chanced that when I joined the Table my allotted seat was next to Charles Keene, then in regular weekly attendance. He did not contribute habitually to the bubble of fun and good-humor that marked the dinner-hour. On rare occasions he was induced to tell a story about a Bakewell pudding, the unconscious point of which was that no listener quite recognized it. Charles Keene's enjoyment was contagious. When his face wrinkled in laughter the Table sympathetically roared, though if any seated at it had been asked to give an account of the cause of his merriment he would have been in a position of difficulty. Amongst other peculiarities, Keene habitually smoked small clay-pipes vaguely understood to have been found in excavations in the neighbor-



hood of London Wall. By curious coincidence they were in pattern and size much like those used by the Japanese, though the latter are of metal.

At home and abroad, perhaps most enthusiastically in France, Keene was recognized as the master of drawing in black-and-white. Some years later he found a worthy successor in Phil May, whose delightful drawings for all too brief a time illuminated the pages of *Punch*. May was as rapid in the execution of his work as he was happy in its design, peerless in its production. A favorite habit with him whilst the cartoon was being discussed was to turn over a menu-card and draw on its back some fanciful design suggested by the current of conversation.

Du Maurier was a delightful companion at the dinner-table, as indeed he was elsewhere. He took little part in the discussion of the cartoon, which, chiefly concerned with politics, was outside his range. But when the work was done—and work is the *raison d'être* of the weekly *Punch* dinner—Du Maurier, smoking unnumbered cigarettes, used to sparkle. The natural limits of a *causerie* of this kind preclude reference to colleagues still seated round "the old mahogany-tree," or indeed to those who, voluntarily withdrawn from the scene, are still with us. One must, therefore, be content with a passing tribute to Sir John Tenniel, whose name is a cherished household word wherever the English language is spoken.

Of the Makers of *Punch* in the literary wing of the brotherhood the name of Thackeray stands out prominently. He began to contribute in *Punch's* second year. The start was not auspicious, and for a while threatened a final parting. He began a series of papers entitled "Miss Tickletoy's Lectures on English History." They fell flat, and the publishers, enclosing a modest cheque, intimated

that they did not care to have any more. Thackeray survived the rebuff, and soon came to be one of the most voluminous and most prized among contributors. He worked both with pen and pencil, having in this connection, as in the wider field of fiction, an appreciative fancy for himself as an artist. It is an old story that one of his earliest ambitions was to illustrate Dickens's books. "The Book of Snobs" ran through a full twelve months, and made a great hit. Another success was the "Diary of Mr. Yellowplush," and also the lucubrations of Policeman X. Other literary contributions that helped to the making of *Punch*, and live through the ages, are Douglas Jerrold's "Caudle Lectures," Hood's "Song of the Shirt," and Burnand's "Happy Thoughts."

The early *Punch* dinners were at the outset Bohemian alike in character and surroundings. They were held at various hostelrys in the neighborhood of Fleet Street, and were, I imagine, paid for out of the pockets of the guests. When prosperity shone it came to pass that the proprietors became the hosts, a special room being set apart in the offices for serving the banquet. The satirists, shooting Folly as it flew through the week, did not always spare each other. Douglas Jerrold, in particular, had a sharp tongue which did not spare his colleagues. He did not love Thackeray, at whom he occasionally girded. Thackeray's broken nose and the story thereto pertaining are familiar to every one. It was a kind of infirmity that would have been held sacred by men of delicate feeling. For Douglas Jerrold it had a morbid attraction.

Mr. Spielmann, the historian of *Punch*, has rescued from past records two stories illustrative of Jerrold's humor. One tells how, Thackeray having applauded Dicky Doyle's action in retiring from the staff on account of

attacks on the Pope, some one said, "Thackeray's turning Roman." "He'd best begin with his nose," snapped Douglas Jerrold. On another occasion coming in late to dinner, Thackeray explained he had been at the christening of a friend's child. "Good lord, Thackeray!" exclaimed the genial Jerrold, "I hope you didn't present the child with your own mug."

We heritors of the legacy bequeathed  
Chambers's Journal.

by the Makers of *Punch* never say rude things like that under the mahogany-tree of which Thackeray sang:

Here let us sport,  
Boys, as we sit;  
Laughter and wit  
Flashing so free.  
Life is but short;  
When we are gone  
Let them sing on  
Round the old tree.

## DISCURSIONS.

### THE BILL-HUNT.

Scene—The Library. Time, 10 A.M.

She is reading a newspaper. He, at the writing-table, is going through his correspondence, and has just opened an envelope of a billous aspect.

*He.* Well, I'm dashed!

*She.* Are you? Why?

*He.* Here's a bill from Rowlands—£2 13s. 4d.

*She.* Well, what about it? It isn't much.

*He.* It's quite enough. I simply hate these bills from Rowlands. They are always coming in. And I'm sure this one's been paid. I remember the amount.

*She (with more interest).* Let me have a look at it. (*He hands it to her for inspection.*) "Repairs to garden roller." We've had nothing done to the roller. I'm inclined to think you're right.

*He.* Generous being!

*She.* We're certainly not going to pay twice over.

*He (enthusiastically).* What a Chancellor of the Exchequer you'd have made. No more National Debt, no more taxes, no more—

*She.* Charles, get up and help me to find the receipted bill. (*He gets up.*) Now the great question is, where is it?

*He.* What's the use of asking me? You know you always put the bills away, and you've got some patent system for finding them. You try first, and I'll get on with my letters.

*She.* What an idea! Do you really think I'm going to hunt for a bill while you amuse yourself with your letters. No, no, you've got to help.

*He.* But—

*She.* Not another word. You can begin with your bill-filing box.

*He.* But I haven't put a bill there for years. It's full of children's books and toys and things.

*She.* You never can tell. It was meant for bills, and there's no knowing that this particular bill hasn't got stowed away there by mistake. Come on. I'll take the drawers under the book-shelves.

*He.* But I tell you it's perfect foolishness to look for a bill in the bill-box.

*She.* Charles, I'm disappointed in you. What was that I read about the dignity of labor the other day?

*He.* You really do talk more nonsense than any other female human being in the world, and that's saying a lot.

*She.* Not as much as you think it says, Charles. Now, then. One, two, three, off! I bet I find it first.

(She springs to a drawer, pulls it out, and begins to rummage through it. He proceeds to the bill-box and reluctantly opens it.)

*She* (half to herself). It might be here. No—these seem to be about five years old. Halloa! What's this? (*Reads.*) "Surtees & Co., £48 12s. To one superfine Angola, fancy-lined coat, ditto waistcoat," and so on, and so on. What wicked extravagance! Charles, you never told me of this.

*He* (lamely). It's a tailor's bill.

*She*. It is.

*He*. Well, it's been paid, anyhow.

*She*. That's just it. £48 12s. absolutely wasted on your chest and back and legs; and then you dare to complain—

*He*. Oh, do go on with your hunting. How can I concentrate my mind if you chatter so much?

*She*. Chatter isn't a pretty word, Charles. I'm only doing my duty as a wife in pointing out—

*He*. I don't want any more of your pointing.

(He immerses himself in the bill-box, from which he extracts four tattered picture-books, a broken tambourine, five dolls in various stages of decay, two stuffed monkeys, a brown bear, and a donkey on wheels.)

*She*. Any luck yet?

*He*. Not a bit. How are you getting on?

*She*. So—so. (*Exultantly.*) Here it is! No—that's £3 14s. 2d.—but it's one of Rowland's right enough. I'm on the track. You try another drawer.

Punch.

(He does so. Gradually a litter of bills and letters and toys and books and pamphlets is spread over the carpet.) *He* (desperately). It's no good. I'm going to chuck it.

*She*. Coward! Get up on the ledge. There's a pile of papers on the top of that bookshelf.

(He mounts, seizes the papers and falls backwards in a cloud of dust across a sofa.)

*He* (coughing violently). Ow—ow—didn't I tell you—ow—ow—ow—my back's broken—ow—and it's only a packet of your mother's letters after all.

*She*. Mamma's letters? How curious. I knew I'd put them away somewhere.

*He*. That comes of being tidy, doesn't it? I'm choked with dust; my back's in three pieces; I've sprained both ankles; but you've got your mother's letters, and—

*She*. Charles, if you say a word against mamma's letters, you shall have cold mutton for dinner.

*He*. It's the one thing I dote on. And there's one other thing I simply love, and that's Rowland's bills. I'm going to write a cheque for this one.

*She*. You wouldn't dare, after all our trouble.

*He*. I dare do all that may become a man. (*He writes the cheque to an accompaniment of protests.*) There! I've done it. And now I'm off for a stroll. You do the tidying up, dear. You know I'm no good at that.

(Exit, leaving her speechless amid a wilderness of papers.)

## THE REAL OMAR.\*

One picks up a new translation of Omar nowadays with a sinking of the heart. He seems to be one of the

\* "Quatrains of Omar Khayyam." Done into verse by Arthur B. Talbot. (Elkin Mathews, 1s. 6d.)

chief resources of literary persons who are given to feeling poetical without quite knowing what to make of the divine impulse. Thus the poetaster, feeling that he has an exposition of

verse come upon him, as Bottom had an exposition of sleep, and having (like Bottom again) a reasonable good ear in music, turns inevitably to Omar and translates him. In due course the translation is published—that is the trying thing!—and it is followed by another and another and another. till one almost wishes that only one MS. of Omar had ever been known and that FitzGerald, after weaving it into his poem, had thrown it into the Broads and lost it for ever. Even that, perhaps, would not have availed to stem the river of quatrains which has overflowed the bookstalls, for the translators, having no MS., would probably have set about to translate FitzGerald. That is what many of them do, even as things are now, with more than one MS. to draw upon and literal translations in half-a-dozen tongues.

This captious prelude is only partly written from a sense of injury; it is partly also in compliment to Mr. Talbot. He has set about producing a literal rendering in verse, based upon Mr. Heron Allen's literal rendering in prose, and he has produced a translation, not only remarkable for fidelity, but of genuine poetical value. One has only to turn a page or two to acknowledge one merit with gratitude, for it is one which few of the quatrain spinners share—he is wholly bent on rendering Omar for Omar's sake, and never makes him a vehicle for his own moods and conceits. Here is a stanza in Mr. Heron Allen's prose and in Mr. Talbot's verse:—

Of those who draw the pure date wine  
and those who spend the night in  
prayer,

not one is on the dry land, all are in  
the water—

One is awake; the others are asleep.

For those who from the date its vin-  
tage take,

And they who all night long devotions  
make,

All are submerg'd, not one remains on  
Earth,

All are asleep; One only is awake.

There can be no question of the fidelity of the translation of that stanza, and yet it has, particularly in the last line, the heightened meaning, the telling quality of genuine verse. Mr. Talbot, then, has one characteristic which inspires confidence from the first; and one's confidence is enhanced by the discovery of how resolutely he has also set himself against FitzGerald's mesmerism in keeping to the spirit as well as the letter of the text. FitzGerald's poem—at any rate for ignoramuses who lack Persian but have done their best to appreciate the real Omar (without FitzGerald's spectacles) in the drab of literal prose—has one great quality which is absolutely lacking in the original, and that is form. He found a platter full of scattered and unequal pearls, and by arrangement and selection he made a necklace—a balanced poem. For a casual reader who has not the habit of Eastern poetry there is only unsatisfactory confusion in the fortuitous arrangement of the stanzas in the original—for a poem arranged alphabetically by the last letter in each verse can only, west of Suez, be called fortuitous. It is Anacreon one moment, and then Job, and then Anacreon again or even Horace and then Lucretius, and back once more inevitably to Anacreon. FitzGerald not only suppressed a good deal in the Bacchanalian mood and emphasized the philosophy, but he gave the whole poem shape. Mr. Talbot has taken it simply as it came. His version opens, therefore, not with FitzGerald's magnificent *réveillé*, but in the deepest and most contrite mood which Omar attains:—

Although I have not serv'd Thee from  
my youth,

And though my face is mask'd with  
Sin uncouth,

In Thine Eternal Justice I confide,  
As one who ever sought to follow  
Truth.

Perchance within the tavern I may see  
The inmost secret of Thy Mystery,  
While at the Shrine in ignorance I bow;  
Burn me or bless me, I am part of  
Thee.

These two opening verses in Mr. Talbot's version are, in point of fact, nearer paraphrase and further from literal translation than the greater part of his work; but they have just the strength and sincerity which seem to inspire the original, and they give the key to that side of Omar which FitzGerald most ignored, but which Mr. Talbot has rendered best. The famous climax in FitzGerald's poem—

O Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst  
make  
And even with Paradise devise the  
Snake:  
For all the Sin with which the Face  
of Man  
Is blackened—Man's forgiveness give—  
and take!

—seems indeed to have no actual warrant in any of Omar's quatrains. It is far enough, in any case, from the prevailing mood of his profounder and more serious passages. FitzGerald seems to weld the poetry into a creed, but the poetry itself, with its deep melancholy that is never shaken off, leaves the impression that its maker had no creed and held even belief in the possibility of a creed in scorn. This is what Mr. Talbot renders very effectively, though it is not easy by quoting verses at random to give the cumulative effect:—

The Universe gained nothing from my  
birth,  
Nor will my going cause it any dearth  
Of dignity or beauty. None can say  
Why I should come to, or why leave,  
the Earth.

Had I the power, I ne'er had borne  
Life's thrall,  
Nor willingly would lie beneath the  
Pall.

Far better, were it not? If in this world  
I ne'er had come, or gone, or liv'd at  
all.

I do not dread Extinction; far more  
bliss  
Lies in that half of Time than lives in  
this;  
This life was lent by God, and unto  
Him  
I will surrender what I shall not miss.

It is curious, indeed, that through all the sudden changes of mood and manner which characterize the original the leading trait of the poet's mind is a certain sad lucidity, which never really deserts him, however much he may pretend to fuddle his wits with wine; and this quality is more impressive in the desultory arrangement of stanzas in the text, faithfully reproduced by Mr. Talbot, though of necessity ignored in our quotations, than in the cumulative eloquence of FitzGerald's argument.

Perhaps another point deserves to be touched upon. FitzGerald gave closer form not only to the poem as a whole, but to the scheme of verse. Although the four-line stanza which he used, with the first two and the last lines rhyming and the third line a blank, is adapted from the original Persian, he gave it a character of his own by heightening the effect of pause in the third line and often giving an almost epigrammatic turn to the last:—

For "Is" and "Is-not" though with  
Rule and Line,  
And "Up-and-Down" by Logic I define,  
Of all that one should care to fathom, I  
Was never deep in anything but—  
Wine.

To judge by the prose translation, this effect is quite foreign to the character of the original; and although Mr. Talbot also has a tendency to pause upon



the penultimate line—which, in FitzGerald's own phrase, "seems to lift and suspend the Wave that falls over in the last"—he resists all temptations to round the stanzas in FitzGerald's inimitable way. That is, no doubt, no more than to say that, very wisely, he resists all temptations to draw the bow of Odysseus; but a result is that the general character of his verse is more faithful than FitzGerald's to the character of the original.

Mr. Talbot does, however, in his own way often produce stanzas which one would find beautiful and wish to remember, even if one met them unattended, so to speak, and without references:—

If thou could'st sit beside a rippling  
stream,  
With her of all thy thoughts the con-  
stant theme,  
Quaffing the Sunshine and the Wine of  
Morn,  
The Times.

No call to prayer, methinks, would  
break thy dream.

Give me a scroll of verse, a little wine,  
With half a loaf to fill thy needs and  
mine,

And with the desert sand our resting-  
place,

For ne'er a Sultan's kingdom would we  
pine.

It is something to have written that last stanza afresh after FitzGerald, and to have not absolutely failed. Mr. Talbot has, in fact, achieved a version of undoubted value to those who wish to know more of the real Omar and cannot read him in his own tongue; and even where its own poetical merit is least, his translation has the virtue of fidelity to the spirit of the desolate old singer who explored life and found it wanting even in the confident and single-minded days of the First Crusade.

## JAPAN AND AMERICA.

It is not easy to find the term which will exactly fit the understanding between Japan and the United States. It is certainly not a treaty, and can hardly be called an agreement; it is, in truth, nothing more than a record of an identity of views on a restricted subject. It by no means covers the whole field of the particular international policy, and its binding force would seem to be almost nil. It bears a close resemblance to certain previous understandings, to some of which this country has itself been party, and it certainly does not carry our knowledge as to the designs of either party much farther than it had already advanced. No one doubted that both Powers desired to promote "the free and peaceful development of their commerce on the Pacific Ocean." The open door in China,

with the exception of Manchuria, has also undoubtedly been the objective of both. Some Chauvinists in the States have affected to believe that Japan intended to seize the Philippines when a suitable occasion should present itself; but no sensible person who had any knowledge of the domestic problems which the Japanese Government have to face really thought that they had any such intention. What Japan requires at the present time above everything is money, and peace in order that money may be accumulated. She has not yet assimilated the acquisitions she made in the late war, and Manchuria and Korea are as yet far from developed. There is really nothing new therefore in the promise to respect one another's possessions in the Pacific area. There is indeed nothing "re-

assuring" about it in the sense that some extravagant estimates of the understanding would have us believe, for you cannot reassure where nothing was threatened. As to the promise that the Governments of the two Powers will consult together as to the measures they may find it desirable to take, should the status quo in China be threatened, that may quite as well mean nothing as anything. Such an arrangement as this has nothing about it of the nature of a treaty, and if either Government violated the understanding we cannot see how it could be called to account. Neither of them, at all events, stands to the other in the same relation as Austria stands to the other signatory Powers in the Berlin Treaty.

Still, it is obvious why this arrangement has taken the informal shape it has. Its provisions could not have been embodied in a formal treaty because that instrument would need to be submitted to the Senate, and from that body it would of course never have emerged, or, if it had, would have emerged with some additions greatly aggravating the real dangers which, as it stands, it is intended indirectly to minimize. The really dangerous question between Japan and the United States has of course little enough to do with the Far East: neither Power wishes to interfere with the possessions or the sphere of influence of the other in those regions. Such a contingency could only arise in the case of a war having its origin in some other matter altogether. The real point of friction lies much nearer home and is one that could not be brought into the Senate without raising a very serious risk of a quarrel. The question of Asiatic immigration is still an acute danger-point and will have to be faced some day or other, but at present it is no doubt highly desirable to relegate it so far as possible to the background. For

this purpose it may be wise to show as much identity of view between the Powers as possible.

If we take the measure of the agreement from this standpoint, we shall at all events avoid straining it beyond all proportion and making it bear a significance which is certainly not supported by the text or the existing circumstances in the Far East. No immediate danger threatens China from the possible aggression of any Power, and no one desires to interfere at present with the status quo. Therefore the real design of the agreement must be sought for in other directions. But, assuming, as we think must be done, that the importance of the arrangement should be found rather in what is omitted than in what is put in, it would be churlish not to admit that it shows a welcome improvement in the relations between the two parties to it. Certainly matters stand on a better footing than they have for some time. Barely a year ago the talk was all of "inevitable war" for the mastery of the Pacific and to decide the question of the predominance of the white or the yellow race. It may well be that the question of the immigration of Japanese to California has formed the subject of discussion between Tokyo and Washington. If so, the diplomacy of both countries is to be congratulated on the discretion with which it has been conducted, but at present we have no formal arrangement and the matter is regulated by the *modus vivendi* which was entered into to check the dangerous quarrel in progress. This arrangement was that the Japanese Government would not allow any coolies to emigrate to California if the United States would refrain from passing an anti-Asiatic law; thus the difficulty is suspended and not dealt with. But the struggle for the Pacific is at all events acknowledged for the time to be at least problematic.

Circumstances have made the United States to a large extent the representatives of Western civilization as opposed to the States of Asia, and it may be that in time this situation may so develop as to induce a life-and-death struggle; but it is quite clear now that neither Power desires to hasten that day, and if possible both would no doubt gladly avert it. That is more than might have been hoped for by many even a few months ago, though the *Saturday Review* has never taken the alarmist view with regard to the immediate aims of Japan. It may, however, be well to remember that in 1904 there was in China a boycott of American goods, quite as determined as the present Turkish boycott of Austrian goods. There was also great soreness against Japan throughout the States on account of her successful competition in Chinese markets, to which the boycott in no small degree contributed. From the summer of 1906 to that of 1907 the immigration question was acutely threatening grave results. So it is satisfactory that the two Powers are now able to sign this

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agreement, though it contains nothing new. The fact that we can consider it as enunciating mere platitudes is perhaps not the least satisfying part of it.

The really interesting problem which is not settled but rather raised by the agreement is whether we can take it as involving a repudiation by each party of future rivalry or whether it is merely an expedient for smoothing over existing grounds of friction. When Japan has securely fixed her grip on Manchuria and Korea, will she be more ready to contest the claim of the United States to exclude her citizens, and when she is richer will she be more likely to become aggressive? No answer can be found to such questions in this arrangement, which, as we have already pointed out, has no binding force or sanction. But race struggles and international convulsions are never likely to be prevented by treaties, as all experience shows. It is more to the point that the United States will be in a much more advantageous position when the Panama Canal is finished and their fleet stronger than Japan's.

## BORES.

"The attempt to classify one's acquaintance is the common sport of the thinker," we read in an amusing little American book about bores—and people who are not bores, for whom no name exists in the King's English ("Are You a Bromide?" by Gelett Burgess; A. F. Bird; 2s. 6d. net). It seems that in New York it has lately become the fashion to call bores "bromides" and entertaining people "sulphites." The present writer is not chemist enough to be quite certain about the literal meaning of the latter term, but the psychic distinction is clear, and its interest

does not rest upon correctness of analogy.

Every generation has its own bores. They change with the fashion; but there are never any less of them. To quote our American author again, "the bromidic tendency" is innate. Both it and the "sulphitic" tendency may be traced in almost all children. The question is which in time will prevail. There is no talker in the world so thought-provoking as an intelligent child, and even stupid children ask questions which go to the root of all matters. In a single sentence they

will cleave their way through rubbish-heaps of words which have been accumulating for years, and touch one of those quick problems which the philosophers have covered up with reasoning, but have never in reality solved. The multitudes of stories about clever children have a broad foundation in fact. The childish mind will often emit a spark which looks very like genius, though of course in the vast majority of cases it all comes to nothing. On the other hand, all children, even the sharpest, show at times an inane pleasure in reiteration. Some instinct seems to move them to sterilize their minds by repetition. They will tell or will demand the same story, chant the same rhyme, or sing the same tune or bar of a tune, till their elders implore them for mercy, while a given word or *cliché* will appear in almost every sentence they utter for days on end.

Either they grow out of this tendency as time goes on or they do not. If not, they become bores of different patterns, according to their ability, bent of mind, and education. Suppose, for instance, that they are naturally very sensitive. The sensitive bore is no sooner grown up than he has a grievance. Some one, he assures the world, has treated him badly, and he cannot bring himself to drop the subject. Or perhaps he is of too generous a disposition to entertain a grudge against any individual. In that case the broad backs of Providence and the public bear the brunt of his perpetual irritation. The rates, the Radicals, the wrongs of the middle and upper classes, or else the wicked selfishness of the rich in withstanding the popular desire for revolution are never out of his mouth, except when he is cursing the climate. Now there is no one in the world with whom it is so difficult to sympathize as the habitual grumbler. The most the kindest person can do is to pretend. The world—even the

small world of the village, class, or circle—is seldom very kind, and it never makes any pretence. So the man with a grievance is apt to find himself alone with it. His acquaintance flee from him. "He bores me to death," they say, as they prepare to live without him.

Then there is the bore of a naturally arbitrary disposition. He is always harping upon his conclusions. According as he is pugnacious or the reverse, he takes it for granted that his interlocutor does or does not agree with him. He will make the strongest statements in the most violent terms, apparently buoyed up by the assurance that he is carrying his audience with him. Should he meet with little response, he will make them all over again with more explanation and more adjectives and adverbs, and having reduced his audience to silence, he experiences all the joy of a man who has given grand expression to the common sentiments of the many, and feels a glow of goodwill towards all men. Possibly, however, the same arbitrary disposition may express itself differently. He may throw down a challenge—almost always the same challenge in different words—to every one he comes across; and if they do not pick it up, he will do so himself, making lame answer to his own theses, and throw it down again till his adversary consents to fight or shamelessly runs away. Now and then an arbitrary bore will follow a middle course and become instructive. He has a message, and is heroically determined that all men shall listen to it. Sometimes they have heard it before, and sometimes they do not want to hear it at all; but deliver it he will, again and again, and at length.

Perhaps the most subtle of all bores is what we may call the plausible bore,—the man whom you do not find out at first to be a bore at all, who, perhaps, you never do find out, but

who succeeds in making you bore yourself. He has very often something of a mesmeric effect. As a rule his views and sentiments are conventional in the extreme, and he has a strong tendency to moralize; or he may be studiously non-moral and unconventional; but anyway, his power over words is considerable. The tone of his mind is catching, like some tones of voice or peculiarities of accent; and those whom he talks to find themselves talking like him, and are alternately amused and shocked at the insincerity or banality of expression towards which they find themselves tempted in his company. They long for a third person to break the spell, and determine to avoid all further *tête-à-tête* with the crypto-bore.

Naturally ambitious people, again, should they happen to be bores, are terribly wearing. An inordinate desire to shine in conversation generally ends by making a man a wet-blanket. Should he feel himself to be humorous, and become facetious, he will probably lead every man in his company to rivet his attention upon means of escape. It is a remarkable fact that a facetious woman is a rare—we had almost said an unknown—phenomenon. The present writer never met one, but no one knows what the fates may have in store; and after such a boast of good fortune it might be a desirable precaution to "touch wood." But if there are no women in this subdivision of the bores, they have subdivisions to themselves. There is a manifestation of "the bromidic tendency" in women which is perhaps more mentally suffocating than any which it assumes in the other sex. It is not easy to describe, though it is common enough among a certain section of the cultivated, and perhaps we might call it the angelic pose. They stand perpetually in an attitude of pardon towards the world at large, and in order to maintain this beautiful position they

are forced to bemuse themselves and bore their friends with a constant repetition of certain transcendental formulae. Good and evil, pain and ecstasy, black and white, are, they assure their bewildered listeners, all the same if only one can soar so high above the actual as not to see the difference between them, and at this height they assert *ad nauseam* that they themselves have successfully arrived.

One practical question forces itself upon the mind after considering these various types of bores. Can bores improve? Is there any process of psychic chemistry whereby a "bromide" may become a "sulphite?" Perhaps the disease is curable in its earlier stages by the will-power of the patient. But it will be said: "Do bores know that they are bores?" That is a question which every man must ask himself. Most of us have put away in a seldom visited corner of our minds a distasteful remembrance of having been on some occasion or occasions a great bore. We insisted on talking about something we were full of, or we persisted in running on about nothing at all. Or perhaps, if we were too polite to ask for any undue share in the conversational game, we purposely "crabbed" the other players. The odd thing is that we had at the back of our mind all the time a consciousness of what we were doing, but we seemed to ourselves to be possessed. Has it not happened to us since to see another man do the same thing, and to feel a little sorry for him at the bottom of our hearts even while we were wishing him at Jericho? At such a moment of social self-examination we may perhaps have been led to consider the means we took to cure ourselves. Probably, however, our meditations may have been cut short by one of those unconquerable doubts which can only be laid by a change of subject,—Are we cured?



## IN PRAISE OF CATS.

It is the final proof of the civilization of the French that they have learned to understand the cat. In no country, since the dog-loving Greeks overthrew the maturer culture of Egypt, has she been a popular idol, or extorted the reverence of crowds. But in France, at least, there is literary testimony in her favor, and the French intellect has bestowed upon the task of comprehending her a talent and a devotion, which we have squandered on the horse and the dog. Balzac described the passion of one of Napoleon's veterans in Egypt for a leopardess, with a sureness of insight and a depth of feeling that proclaim him a devotee of the cat tribe. Gautier has been eloquent and fantastic about the cat. Loti has been tender and graceful, and his essay on the death of an aged cat has a sincerity and truth which are wanting in his sugared writing about Oriental women. A man must put self aside who loves a cat; there is in all the range of sentiment no emotion so entirely disinterested. We have before us a small volume of minor verse which carries this distinguished tradition yet a little further.<sup>1</sup> It is a eulogy, relieved by humor and marked by what is rarer still, a nice and accurate study of cats. M. Alfred Ruffin not only loves cats; he loves them for the true reasons. He loves them for their grace and their elegance, reverences their self-sufficiency and their sublimity, accepts their egoism, and feels a becoming awe at the concentration of diabolic vigor which can reveal itself, under the stress of passion, in the limbs of a fireside Tom. He sings the mistress whom no praise can corrupt, the friend whose intimacy flatters no human vanity. He paints

her amid rare vases and works of art, admiring herself more than any masterpiece. He delights to tell of her ravages among his precious china, and exclaims as he contemplates the sublimity of her indifference, "One might as well accuse the pyramids." He tells of the mingled prudence and courage with which she meets the perils of a street where every journey is an anabasis through barbarian lands. He dwells with a sane and restrained tenderness on the rare moments in her relations with her human servants, when her habitual tolerance warms into an almost maternal affection.

It is doubtless because we are an Imperial people that we have taken as our patron Saint George who was in the flesh a not impeccable army contractor. For the same reason we maintain a patriotic cult of the dog. The dog is the tame native among beasts, the national scout in the politics of the animal world. He has been conquered, and he tells us for ever that he is glad to be conquered. He declares with every ripple of his tail that we are the superior race. He wears his collar like a uniform of khaki. He bands himself in traitorous packs to pursue his fellow animals for our service. He hunts his brother, the fox, as the "tame" Boers hunted De Wet. He has the air, when he begs on his haunches for a bone, of appealing to us to take up the white man's burden. All his service is a flattery, all his friendship a servility. He graduated for his post in society before ever man had tamed him. He tamed himself in the life of gregarious packs, in which the old bullied the young and the weak fawned on the strong. The cat, on the other hand, has emerged from no shameful gregarious past. He was ever an individual, and even civiliza-

<sup>1</sup>"Le Livre des Chats." Par Alfred Ruffin  
Paris: Alphonse Lemerre.

tion cannot corrupt him. Even in his loves he is resolutely exogamous, and refuses to contract a permanent tie or bend himself to domesticity. Of one thing only is a fighting Tom afraid, and that is a newly-born kitten. Never, unless he is actually starving, will he stoop to feign gratitude or ape servility. It is a common superstition that the cat when he rubs upon a human leg is indulging in an act of flattery. He does indeed flatter, but he flatters only himself. The act, combined with that same arching of the back which makes him in combat terrible and great, is really a self-centred expression of satisfaction or pleasurable expectation. For once that he rubs himself upon a human leg at such times, he rubs twice upon a chair or a tree. He is not stroking the leg to flatter it; he is stroking himself by means of the leg. Equally ill-observed is the current notion that his chronic disobedience and his failure to come at call are due to some want of intelligence. It is his profound individualism, his triumphant self-sufficiency, which make him disdain to obey or to learn tricks like a dog.

To respect the cat is the beginning of the æsthetic sense. At a stage of culture when utility governs all its judgments, mankind prefers the dog. Let it advance to a level at which it can admire an object of beauty with a disinterested passion, and it will venerate this egoist among animals, who suffices for himself. Only in the mouth of the egoist is egoism in others a matter of reproach. To the cultivated mind the cat has the charm of completeness, the satisfaction which makes a sonnet more than an epic, a fugue more than a rhapsody. The ancients figured eternity as a snake biting its own tail. There will yet arise a philosopher who will conceive the Absolute as a gigantic and self-satisfied cat, purring as it clasps in a com-

fortable round its own perfections, and uttering as it purrs that line of Edmund Spenser's about the Cosmos—"It loved itself, because itself was fair."

There is, however, a deeper reason why the cat is, in the domestic hierarchy, a relatively unpopular animal. It is not content to stand aloof from all human activities; it views them with a disquieting disdain. It is the anchorite who makes our luxuries foolish, the anarchist who rebukes our organizations and our politics. The dog, within the limits of his understanding, must share in all we do, scratch when we dig and retrieve when we hunt. When his understanding fails him, he looks at us with a mute appeal for enlightenment, like some Galatea waiting for the breath of life. The cat in the same circumstances stares severely, winks one eye, and goes to sleep. More than the lilies of the field she rebukes us for our care for the morrow. The student Faust in the old engravings had always a human skull among the vain instruments and the barren alembics in his study. A cat blinking at midnight among your papers and your books declares with more eloquence than any skull the vanity of knowledge and uselessness of striving. Mahomet, nursing a cat one day, was minded to rise upon some great errand of revelation or conquest. But, man of action though he was, he was Oriental enough to value her passivity. He cut off the sleeve of his robe, and left her seated on it. There comes to those who love a cat a further questioning, which is the paralysis of all morality. Why, after all, should one rise at all, and what is worth the sacrifice of a sleeve? The cat enjoys the march of seasons, spins through space with the stars, and shares in her quietism the inevitable life of the universe. In all our hurrying, can we do more? She sits among creative work, the in-

dolent spectator of our progress, blinking at our questions the malicious eyes of a sphinx. And the real secret of  
The Nation.

the Sphinx, one suspects, was that she alone knew that there was no riddle to answer.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. W. J. Hopkins's books for children are unique. Nominally, they are bedtime stories as their general title, "The Sandman," indicates, but they differ from all other bedtime stories in their style, which is of an extraordinary clearness, and peculiarly adapted to childish comprehension, and the child who goes to sleep with one of Mr. Hopkins's tales in his ears will wake up understanding its subject. The new volume, "His Sea Stories," tells of the voyages of an old American sailing vessel, the contemporary of Nelson's Victory, and one of the tales relates meeting the Admiral's fleet immediately after Trafalgar. Other stories describe storms; a fire; restowing the cargo; a race across the ocean; a pilot's work and many other things. Forty good pen and ink drawings by Miss Dianetia W. Horne illustrate the stories and in the day time the children to whom the sandman brings them can review them at leisure and so enjoy them many times over. There are no better stories for very little children. L. C. Page & Co.

Mrs. Helen Eggleston Haskell has done the children a great service by writing her "O-Heart-San" in which she shows them something like a Japanese child and young girl, and if she do not end her story as it would have ended in Japan it is evidently because the true ending would have seemed unendurably sad not only to an American child but to her parents. So, after exemplifying many of the domestic and social customs of her country, the little

Japanese maid is prevented from sacrificing her life for her sovereign's sake, and made to do various things quite foreign to Japanese ethics, and the American reader is left only half as much enlightened as he might have been had Mrs. Haskell been sternly conscientious. The result is a pretty story to which the publishers have given a title-page in two colors, and papers showing Japanese scenes and six beautiful colored pictures by Mr. Frank P. Fairbanks. Lucky the small child who enters Japan by the door of this book. Luckier still if she can see the ugly crudity of the manners of the American child, Maid Margery, compared with those of the little Japanese girl. L. C. Page & Co.

Having been shown to Germany by Professor Munsterberg, to Hungary by Count Van de Vaya, to England by Mr. Bryce, the American is now presented to Denmark by president Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia College, but the work was done in a series of lectures now made into a very small, highly condensed book entitled "The American as He Is." Further, it is the book of one by no means disposed to accept that commonplace of the declamation against the American so placidly received by many Americans too busy to deny it, so joyously acclaimed by reactionary spirits who, like Portia, find their little bodies weary of this great world, and pine for some quiet spot, making no pretence at being anything in particular. President Butler denies that the Anglo Saxon is over-

whelmed by later immigrants; he asserts that the American form of democracy is excellent; he refuses to allow that American finance is corrupt; he sees faults and many of them, faults needing correction, fatal if not corrected, but he is as confident of the saving power of the American spirit as Mr. Kipling himself. The book is very carefully indexed and is a valuable little manual of reference for the American who "lives the life of a good citizen and a good neighbor," the American of whom as the author says, "there are many millions in the United States." The Macmillan Co.

Fine lines, elevated passages, moving scenes there are in Mr. George Cabot Lodge's "Herakles," but many of the thoughts and words attributed to the hero are so entirely unlike anything which could proceed from the Hellenic mind that the reader is too puzzled to enjoy these beauties, while he searches for the author's intention. The play tells the story of that brief madness in which Herakles slew the children of Megara and shows him again after, eleven of his labors accomplished, he goes to liberate Prometheus. When the Titan is discovered the hero assures him that he is really free, that

—God is dead

And man is overcome!—and you and I,  
And all men whatsoever whose minds  
report

The truth, whose lives exemplify the  
soul,

We are the heirs of all the universe  
And of ourselves supremely all in all!

The single, whole, transcendent truth, Herakles says later, is "I am" and that man cannot say until he is infinite in knowledge and Prometheus goes down into the world to begin his work "wheresoever the soul's dominion ends." This is very good but not

Greek and it would be better if it came through some other vehicle than through the Hellenic myth, but setting aside that objection, the poem is one of the best published this season in Great Britain or in the United States, and each of the two divisions into which it naturally falls may be enjoyed as if the other did not exist. Houghton Mifflin Company.

It is the misfortune of the United States to have a large number of inhabitants of such character, or such an entire lack of good character that the questions which are the topic of Mr. Alfred P. Schultz's "Race or Mongrel" cannot be discussed in public and that any reference to them in private is almost sure to provoke a quarrel. These questions are the mental and spiritual equality of black, yellow and white men, and the wisdom of permitting unrestricted immigration. The former, putting all disguises aside, was the cause of the civil war; the latter, being stupidly confused with a religious issue, was the cause of the riots and mobs of some thirty years in the North and its reaction upon the immigrant appeared in the draft riots. Neither question is a dead issue, and Mr. Schultz's contentions that the souls of black, white, and yellow men are as different as their bodies, and that a mongrel race is invariably inferior to a pure race, cannot be discussed. He cites a multiplicity of cases to prove the latter thesis: he is so impartial as to assert that the German-American hybrid is inferior to the German; he rates the Chinese as superior to the whites in many respects; he says that the yellow peril comes from the moral and physical superiority of "the yellows," and he has no good word for the "peace maniacs" or for the "Hague farce." In short, Mr. Schultz believes certain things so thoroughly and earnestly that he can no more present them with

agreeable placidity than Garrison and Phillips could speak of wrong doing as if it were righteousness. L. C. Page & Co.

Dr. Arthur L. Frothingham's "The Monuments of Christian Rome," the latest volume of the "Handbooks of Archaeology and Antiquities," is one of the results of the study of nearly thirty years, of which those between 1879 and 1896 were passed in Rome to which the author has made many visits, since he became Professor of Archaeology and Ancient History at Princeton. Its aim is to reflect the artistic life of Rome as a Christian city from the time of Constantine until the seat of the Papacy was removed to Avignon, and in order to do this it has been necessary to introduce a larger historical element than would be fitting in a merely descriptive work, and the historical sketch occupies 125 pages, or about a third of the book. The second part is occupied by the classification of the Monuments and the indexes, and in this part one finds many traces of the author's work while associate director of the American School at Rome. The papers on painting, on Roman artists and on the artistic influence of Rome include some of the latest discoveries and theories. The chapter on Rome before and after the Guiscard fire is perhaps the most interesting, but all are to be attentively read. The three hundred illustrations have been chosen with a view to representing all the arts. This book is to be followed by a history on a large scale of mediæval art in Rome and in the small towns and monasteries in the Roman province. The Macmillan Co.

Librarians record an encouraging movement among readers toward the

serious, toward biography, history, politics and ethics, and away from fiction, and if the cause lie partly in the present gravity of economical and political conditions, and in the reaction from theological indifference, another potent reason for the tendency is the vast improvement in the style of the serious writer. The novelists, led by one whose early style was dictated by fastidiousness, disregard fine distinctions in verbal usage; the minor essayists calling themselves "light" fancy that to write "not" with two letters and an apostrophe will reduce the specific gravity of stupidity, and use no other measures to effect the change, but the serious American writers study to be attractive, and in reading them their charm is the first quality to impress itself upon the mind. Here is Mr. James Schouler's "Ideals of the Republic" in which a large number of the grave subjects now occupying the attention of American statesmen are treated as the offspring of the great historical documents of the eighteenth century and of the experience whence they sprang. The author's touch is so light and assured that his work is intelligible to a schoolboy, and yet does not fall short of the highest standards. It is true that it was originally prepared as university lectures and was therefore written with steady prevision of the misunderstanding possible to youth and inexperience, but this alone does not account for the excellent literary form in which the most careless reader must rejoice. There is scarcely a political idea at present manifest in American life on which the work has not something of value to offer both to the citizen and to the theorist. Little, Brown & Co.